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JAN 31

EDITORIAL

A LOSING GAME PLAN

The Republican cheering section was in full throat for the State of the Union message last week, greeting President Reagan's entrance with a chorus of whoops and hollers more appropriate to a Redskins touchdown than a Presidential sack. For the fact is that the Reagan team has been hit hard by the rush of politics and the crunch of economics.

The Administration's strategy to mend America is an utterly contradictory mixture of measures that will stifle economic growth and others that will stimulate it. On the stifling side, Reagan proposed to hold the line on Federal spending in all the areas where it might increase people's buying power in a time of recession and diminished demand. To compound this counter-Keynesian prescription, he also asked for new, regressive taxes to reduce the deficit—which would further cut consumer spending and business investment.

On the stimulus side, Reagan offered more of the monstrous military extravagance that is the only kind of Keynesianism allowed in this Administration's arsenal economy. Only at the store of lethal hardware does the President feel he can pump cash into the economy—where it has little effect in stimulating consumption or creating jobs.

The Administration is dangerously devoid of ideas for extricating the country from a mess that is at least partly of its own making. Although he vastly overstates his own innocence, President Reagan is right in saying that the seeds of the current crisis were sown by his predecessors. The central challenges to government today are managing that crisis and promoting economic growth. But Reagan's program has deepened the disaster he inherited, and if his lecture last week was any indication of his plan, he has lost the game already.

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J.D. McClatchy

DRESSED FOR SUCCESS

THE NEW CORPORATE FEMINISM

SUZANNE GORDON

About four weeks ago a friend of mine, who is an editor at a major New York City publishing house, went to one of her company's biannual sales conferences. She departed full of ideas about books on feminism—books about feminist psychology, about socialist feminism, about women and culture. After a week in Puerto Rico, she returned well tanned and well deflated. She told me that when she explained her ideas to the company's salespeople, they did not respond enthusiastically. They insisted that women's books were still high on their list and so was feminism. But the kinds of books they felt would sell and the feminism they described had little to do with my friend's political ideals.

What publishers are looking for these days isn't radical feminism. It's corporate feminism—a brand of feminism designed to sell books and magazines, three-piece suits, airline tickets, Scotch, cigarettes and, most important, corporate America's message, which runs: Yes, women were discriminated against in the past, but that unfortunate mistake has been remedied; now every woman can attain wealth, prestige and power by dint of individual rather than collective effort.

At a time when hundreds of thousands of women are still trying to realize the ideals of radical feminism, business has set about redefining and depoliticizing one of the most compelling social movements of the late twentieth century. Indeed, what has happened to reformist feminism in the past decade is perhaps the most dramatic example of American capitalism's genius at defusing protest by winning the pro-

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LETTERS.

IN PRAISE OF SHORRIS

Brookline, Mass.
Earl Shorris's "Of Politics and Death's Dominion" [Jan. 15] was the most exciting, articulate and valuable article *The Nation* has offered in several months. It's bracing evidence that *The Nation* may resist the morbidity of the times by pointing toward the sources of violence and repression. Thanks.
Eugene Narrett

Orinda, Calif.
I want to thank *The Nation* for its courage in printing something so passionate on death on the front page, thereby departing from the practice of most political publications, which fear looking at this vital human and political issue. "Of Politics and Death's Dominion" by Earl Shorris is a good mixture of feelings, information and humor. His skillful writing ranges through poetry, philosophy, religion and personal experience.

As a teacher of courses on death and dying to graduate students in counseling, I want to add some comments to this excellent article. Whereas Shorris says that "death is a personal business" (which it surely is), Arnold Toynbee in *Man's Concern With Death* asserts, "There are two parties to the suffering that death inflicts; and, in the apportionment of this suffering, the survivor takes the brunt." Death is also a social business, even a collective one in this century of total war; 10 million people died in wars between 1960 and 1980. Living as we do under the nuclear threat, getting beyond our denial of death and looking at it becomes even more important for politically minded people. . . .
Shepherd Bliss

EFFECT (ON US) OF A U.S. ATTACK

Davis, Calif.
"New Light on the Dangers of Radiation" [Harvey Wasserman and Norman Solomon, *The Nation*, Jan. 1-8] reminded me of an exchange I had with the Pentagon in 1978, soon after radioactive debris from an atomic bomb test in China raised the background radiation level in Denver from fifteen to eighty-five picocuries. The E.P.A. had assured residents that the level had to reach 1,000 to be cause for concern.

A little arithmetic quickly showed me that a mere fifteen such bombs would thus be cause for concern. Alarmed, I wrote the Pentagon, asking what the effect on us would be of 1,000 U.S. bombs dropped on Russia. Maj. Gen. Milton E. Key replied, "The effect could produce a serious problem for the U.S. However this would be of a second order importance [compared] to the probable Soviet nuclear response. This situation is extremely unlikely as the United States does not support a first-strike policy." I didn't find this reply adequate.

Let's update my question: What would be the effect on Americans of the fallout from 9,000 nuclear bombs, detonated at ground level, even if all Russian warheads turned out to be duds? Would Wasserman and Solomon hazard a guess? *Sherman Stein*

WASSERMAN AND SOLOMON REPLY

Boston
Aside from the dust and moisture thrown into the air (which could lead to a new Ice Age), and aside from the destruction of the earth's ozone layer and innumerable other side effects, a rudimentary estimate of the dose levels Americans would receive from fallout from an all-out attack on the Soviet Union—even if unanswered—indicates that the cancer rate here could rise by a factor of five to ten. It would also make the birth of a new generation of Americans improbable, and those babies who did survive would quite likely suffer extreme brain damage and malformation. The known health impact of fallout from the relatively small megatonnage of the United States' atmospheric test program makes it clear that any nuclear bomb we drop on them is also one dropped on ourselves. *Harvey Wasserman*
Norman Solomon

HITCHENS ON TARGET

Philadelphia
I would very much like to thank *The Nation* for printing Christopher Hitchens's "Minority Report" [Jan. 22] on the marriage between the New Right and the Reverend Moon's Unification Church.

Having once spent eight days on a farm owned by the Moonies in Mendocino County, California, I witnessed firsthand the deception, the brainwashing and, worst of all, the ultimate totalitarianism of this movement. I saw *1984* before having read it.

On the farm, I never once heard the name of the Reverend Moon or the Unification Church. To prevent my mind from turning into jelly, I literally had to sneak out of camp in the dead of night. . . . I am more than pleased to see that *The Nation* has the independence of mind and the guts (unlike the New Right) to take a stand against these depraved and rotten God-fascists.
Brian J. Basenfelder

HITCHENS 'POORLY INFORMED'

New York City
Christopher Hitchens's attack on Gandhi ["Holy Men," Jan. 15] does neither him nor *The Nation* much good. It shows that Hitchens can write in a "chic left" style not much different from that of *Time*. And it makes Hitchens sound, on the matter of Gandhi, as badly informed as Reagan is when he gives lectures on Lenin.

First, nothing much is served either by hiding the personal faults of great people or by attempting political analysis based on those faults. . . . Gandhi shouldn't be worshipped. He was not a saint. He cannot be imported wholesale—any more than Lenin can be imported wholesale into Asia or Latin America.

But for Hitchens to call Gandhi a hypocrite because he knew that if he was killed there would be violence is too similar to the Southern preachers' accusations that King stirred up violence—King's response, and Gandhi's, was that the violence already existed, even if it was often invisible to the comfortable class (of which Hitchens, I suspect, is very much a part).

And to charge Gandhi with responsibility for India's backwardness is outrageous. It is the same kind of charge that blames all the faults of the Soviet Union on Lenin, or the problems of Vietnam on Ho Chi Minh. It is the kind of thinking that, if carried to its logical conclusion, would find the Jews guilty of creating anti-Semitism. I hope Hitchens might realize on rereading his piece that it reeks of cultural arrogance. And does he really find the story of the mass movement that liberated India bland? The world can use more of such blandness.
David McReynolds

DEFINING DEMOCRACY

New York City
The Nation is to be commended for printing John H. Schaar's review of Gary Wills's *Explaining America* ["Anti-Federalists, Arise!" Jan. 22]. Schaar explains a lot more about our form of government than even liberals often want to hear. Why is it that they as well as many academics persist in portraying the concept of self-government as a reactionary one which may lead to mob rule, segregation, censorship and injustice?

At a recent meeting of peace activists and New York State Senate aides I attended, the subject of a statewide referendum on the nuclear freeze was raised. The aides cautioned against the idea, saying that such a referendum would be unprecedented in New York and could lead to referendums on such controversial issues as abortion, busing and gun control. The implication is—despite the fact that several states passed freeze referendums in November—that given the right to self-government, people will resort to mob rule. The assumption that people would act in a mean-spirited way is unsubstantiated. Worse still, to instill fear of popular self-rule out of apprehension for what may follow is in itself a cynical appeal to base beliefs and instincts. . . .

How true it is, and how sad, that democracy has been reduced to meaning a state wherein citizens are permitted the vote and nothing more. And how big the battle is, and will be, to redefine democracy as the anti-Federalists intended it. *Lorna Salzman*

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EDITORIALS.

Computer Dragnet

Sometime in the next few weeks, armed with an order from Attorney General William French Smith, the Secret Service will break into the F.B.I.'s computer and add a list of prospective criminals to a more comprehensive compilation of the names of millions of citizens who have already broken the law.

The new list is short; it is made up of the names of some 125 "dangerous individuals" who the Secret Service believes possess the will or the desire to harm the President or another of its "protectees," a group that includes such public figures as Ron and Doria Reagan, Senator Edward Kennedy and Jacqueline Onassis. The dangerous ones have no outstanding warrants but are considered potential plotters "at large."

The longer list is in the data bank of the F.B.I.'s National Crime Information Center (N.C.I.C.), a computer system which taps the files of 64,000 local, state and Federal criminal justice agencies. The "criminals" in the silicon soul of the new machine may have stolen a book or hijacked a 747, but any bad mark in their copy books can be retrieved at a moment's notice with one telephone call. A patrolman who stops a speeding motorist in Montana will learn whether his quarry is wanted for mass murder in New York

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or was once convicted for civil rights activities in Alabama. How such case histories will affect the constabulary's attitudes or the judicial disposition of the case is not the computer's problem. It just gives the facts.

Once the new list has been added to N.C.I.C., a police officer making a routine traffic check, for example, may hear a voice squawk over his radio: "Warning! Subject is a threat to a U.S. Secret Service protectee. Immediately contact headquarters for further information." It's not hard to imagine what excitement that will provide on the berm of the Interstate.

The plan to add the names of noncriminals to N.C.I.C. was triggered by John Hinckley Jr.'s attempt to assassinate President Reagan two years ago. An F.B.I. advisory board on N.C.I.C. policy recommended that Congress review the expansion of the computer network. The Congressional Office of Technology Assessment warned that the projected new use of N.C.I.C. could result in "unwarranted invasions of privacy and improper arrests or detention." Civil liberties monitors worry that N.C.I.C. could easily change from a service providing quick access to the names of car thieves, unlicensed gunwielders and fugitives to a centralized intelligence and surveillance system.

It hardly seems to matter that the new system is of minimal value in accomplishing its ostensible purpose of protecting the President. The Secret Service notes that only one of the most recent would-be Presidential assassins—"Squeaky" Fromme—was listed as a "dangerous individual." The essential function of technological surveillance is not protection but social control. The powerful lobby of Atari bureaucrats is determined to wire the nation from one end to the other, and match up citizens with their surveillers in an all-encompassing computer dating game. The efforts of civil libertarians to shut down the system have so far done little but delay each succeeding development.

Greensboro Rerun

The images of the massacre of five Communist Worker Party demonstrators by members of the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party in Greensboro, North Carolina, flickered on the television screen once again last week. The film of the shooting was replayed in the course of an inquiry into the tragedy by the public broadcasting system's *Frontline*, a new series devoted to "investigative journalism."

Of course, there was no "smoking gun" to be unearthed; rather, questions of higher responsibility hover about. The Klansmen and Nazis clearly pulled the triggers (even though a Greensboro jury found six of them innocent), but were local and perhaps state and Federal law enforcement agencies also guilty by omission or commission? These questions will not down, and *Frontline* could not answer them. Perhaps the Federal grand jury now considering possible civil rights violations will provide some answers in its findings—or perhaps they will emerge as a result of the lawsuit filed by wives and relatives of the murdered C.W.P. members, in which Federal and state authorities are named as defendants.

Frontline's chief investigator, James Reston Jr., was only able to deliver a *Rashomon* verdict—shards of individual testimony rather than holistic truth. The program did, however, throw a spotlight on Edward Dawson, the Greensboro Police Department's informer in the Klan, who played an active—some say provocative—role in the events of November 3, 1979. If Dawson (who had previously served as the F.B.I.'s man in the local Klan) did not provoke the violence, his own testimony showed that he may have crossed the hazily defined line between informer and participant, and abetted the commission of a crime his presence was supposed to help the authorities prevent.

One of the most arresting scenes in the program was a videotape, shown at the trial, of the hypnosis-induced recollections of a television reporter who had witnessed the shootings. She squirmed and wept as the painful memories gushed forth, and one was reminded of the medium in *Rashomon*, who transmits the murdered man's testimony from the spirit world. The reporter summoned up the hatred and prejudice in the Greensboro air that day, filtered through the lens of her own belief that the C.W.P. members had brought the massacre on themselves. Her anger when the slain men's wives shouted political slogans immediately after the killings may have been a defense mechanism—blaming the victim—or else it revealed her own subconscious antipathy to the demonstrators. From such prejudice it is not all that far to the lethal hatred of the killers. Prejudice has not been named a defendant in the Greensboro massacre, but it may explain why the police—and by extension the community—failed to protect these particular demonstrators. Certainly it was there that day in Greensboro—palpable and murderous.

The Centurions: An Exchange

Last month, The New York Times *printed, without comment, an exchange of letters among members of the Century Club in Manhattan on the controversy that has arisen over a proposal to open the club's membership rolls to women. The hotheads who favor women Centurions argued that it was possible to expand the definition of "authors, artists and amateurs" eligible for membership to include women without changing "the fundamental pleasures of the Century as a gathering place for cultivated people." In rebuttal, a member of the* ancien régime *harrumphed: "A club like the Century should surely be unaffected by fashionable whims—such as those directed towards eliminating all the delightful differences of the sexes." We have invited comments from a member of the club (who gracefully ducked behind a pseudonym because "writing a piece like this is an unclubbish thing to do") and our literary editor, Katha Pollitt, who represents the unclubbish.* —*The Editors*

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As a dues-paying member of the Century Club, I take a firm position on the controversy over whether women should be admitted as full members—rather than just as guests, which is the policy now. I say, let 'em in. Indeed, let in representatives of all four major sexes, provided they qualify as "authors, artists and amateurs of letters and the fine arts." The club needs the money, for one thing. Why, they're admitting *businessmen* now, for God's sake, without even using the euphemism "philanthropist."

Yet, somehow I just can't get as passionate about the matter as, let us say, "A 'Cultivated' Woman," who, in a recent editorial in *The New York Times,* called clubs like the Century "places in which doors are opened, deals are made, contacts established. . . ." Sure, there may be something to that, if one takes a slightly cynical view. The club's rules do say that members discussing business "should refrain from laying out business papers in the common rooms of the clubhouse." But how much business gets done, really?

I can imagine going up to Centurion David Rockefeller at the club and saying: "Dave baby, I've got this brother-in-law in Mexico, whose business is failing because of the peso thing, and . . ."

Whom does Cultivated Woman want to establish contact with at the Century? Claus von Bulow? (He's a member I'd gladly exchange for Jean Harris.) If Cultivated Woman wants to meet Centurions with cachet like Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Avery Fisher, Benny Goodman, John Lindsay, Cyrus Vance or Romare Bearden, all she has to do is call them up and identify herself as a member of the *Times* editorial board. That's the place to be if you want doors opened. Obviously, it's not membership in the club that counts but who you are, what you do for a living, who your family knows. The idea that becoming a Centurion gives you entree to a powerful old-boy network is a little silly.

My own name doesn't echo down the corridors of power. Not long ago I approached a famous politician at the club to congratulate him on a speech. He kept looking at the doorway to see who was coming in, just like a show business celebrity at Sardi's. I've sat only once at the Long Table (inside reference).

Don't misunderstand. The Century is packed with gracious and highly talented gentlemen who do not mind if some members worship at the temple of mediocrity. Membership does lend prestige. It gives you something good to put after "clubs" in your *Who's Who* pedigree. Some members recommend lunching there regularly as a domestic peacekeeper: their wives know where they are—that they aren't out enjoying a "matinee," for example. Of an evening, it's delightful to attend a concert by Yo-Yo Ma, the Chinese cellist. Now *that*'s the way to listen to music: in an exclusive setting, pretending to be an aristocrat while the *jacquerie* outside press their faces against the windows.

As I sat in the club, looking across 43d Street at the Reverend Moon's headquarters (now *there* goes the neighborhood), sipping a screwdriver made with *fresh* orange juice, I finally realized what puzzles me about the whole debate. It's not the yearning of some women for membership. That's understandable, if a little naïve. What puzzles me is simply the reluctance of the majority of Centurions to admit women, when right now the club includes quite a number of old ladies.

STAN ROBINSON

Our Centurion's remarks confirm what I've suspected: efforts by some members to admit women to the Century Club are part of a clever plot to keep women out. Consider the evidence. According to a recent *New York Times* article, the pro-women faction argues that women have never been barred from membership because the club's charter, drawn up in 1847, ignores their existence entirely. Centurion George Ball, who weighed in on *The Times*'s letters page last week, said he had no formal objections to women members, as long as they know there's no such thing as "the establishment" and think George Ball has a sense of humor. Our man, another friend of womankind, talks archly about "all four major sexes," thinks "old lady" is the wittiest of insults and confides that Centurions' wives like the club because it keeps their husbands away from "matinees." Nudge, nudge, wink, wink. (Actually, I have it on good authority that the wives like the club because it gets Mr. Old Bore out of the house so that Mrs. Old Bore can tryst with her hot young lover.) Now, I ask you, what woman of spirit and sophistication would want to spend five minutes with these characters?

Which brings me to the club's second ruse: it is fobbing off on the public a fake membership list. How else account for the puzzling fact that although membership is supposedly a great honor vouchsafed only to a carefully vetted elite, almost the only members one hears about are either ancient WASP escapees from an Edith Wharton novel or writers and editors for middlebrow magazines? Obviously, the club hopes women will lose interest in joining if they can be persuaded that membership is a kind of consolation prize for minor talents. It won't wash, Centurions. I know no one would pay many hundreds of dollars a year to eat boiled scrod with John Lindsay, or with our correspondent or with either of my two Centurion ex-employers, incomparable turkeys both (names provided upon written request). These people are only fronting for the *real* members, who are too busy staying at the top of their fields to spend time at the club.

I don't believe in clubs myself. They seem to attract in droves the sort of people who ought never to be allowed to gather in a room together—people whose only hope of attaining a reasonable level of self-awareness is to be exposed to constant and vigorous sarcasm from every side. (In particular, I don't believe I should have to subsidize those fresh-squeezed screwdrivers and stag musicales with my taxes. When, I wonder, will a high-minded Centurion suggest that accepting tax breaks from the *jacquerie* is inconsistent with the club's charter?)

So let others of my sex fight for the right to join this mutual admiration society for the smug and self-infatuated. I say, Who needs it? Let's turn the place into a public library and be done with it.

KATHA POLLITT

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Los Angeles

In a sense, Reaganism began in California much earlier than it did in the rest of the United States. Not only was there the period of Reagan's governorship (a period rather pragmatic in contrast to his Presidency) but there was, in 1978, the passing of Proposition 13 and the beginning of the first large experiment in the tax cutting, do-nothing style of government that has since become the national rage. It seems rather appropriate that the new conservative regime in this state should be grappling with some of the consequences of that foolish politics.

George Deukmejian, whose aides admit that he benefited from a racialist margin in the voting, now confronts in miniature the same problems as the President. Nor are his problems as miniature as all that. The current deficit in California's budget is estimated at $1.5 billion. By a nice irony, California is obliged by its Constitution to have a balanced budget. Deukmejian swore himself blind during the campaign that he would not raise taxes. He reiterates that pledge to this day. Thus he and his cronies must now juggle with their own logic in order to achieve some semblance of government. Their efforts so far have been predictably ham-handed.

The plan is to find $750 million in cuts (of which more later) from the existing list of expenditures and then to carry over the rest of the deficit into the next fiscal year, which begins in July. Private loans will not be carried forward or "rolled over." Instead, the balance is due to be met by borrowing from "special state funds" for things like highway construction. In this sleight-of-hand manner, the State of California can pay some of its bills and cover its payroll by, in effect, borrowing from itself. The first noticeable reaction to this innovation has come from Merrill Lynch, which lowered the rating of California bonds and thereby increased the interest payments that the state budget will have to bear in the future. As the President wrestles with his own budget, he may reflect ruefully on the hash his home state is making of the microcosm.

Of course, California would take a long time to go bankrupt. But even before the Republicans were returned to power here, the effects of Proposition 13 thinking were being felt. For instance, one county (Siskiyou) passed a resolution requiring applicants for general assistance to consider joining the Army. Marin County, the wealthiest in the state, deflects applicants by sending them along to CETA, the federally funded Comprehensive Employment Training Act program. By this means, it attempts to avoid the care of all but the actually unemployable. Santa Barbara County simply limits applicants to a single month of general assistance. Yet the new high, or low, has been set by Sacramento County. The authorities there have fulfilled the dream of every country club blowhard by instituting a poorhouse program.

A remarkable bit of research by Hilary Abramson, published in the *California Journal*, details the workings of this system. In the last few months, qualified applicants for general assistance have been offered a choice: either live and work in a county facility or live proud and free and get notl ing at all. In order to qualify, you have to show that yo have no more than $10 in cash or personal property. N family may be worth more than $250. You may own a car c other vehicle (this is, after all, California), but it must not b worth more than $1,500.

There was, at first, a certain sluggishness in th "take-up" of this handsome offer. In fact, welfare applica tions actually fell in a marked manner. But when the winte rains came, the poor of the county began to see sense. The submitted themselves to a regime that gives them menia work for three days a week (the remaining days must b spent job hunting). At the poorhouse, the sexes are segr gated by dormitories and even married couples are separatec Residents must be standing by their beds for a 9 o'clock ro call or be deprived of their lodging. Breakfast is oatmeal an dry toast washed down by one cup of coffee—and the mean one cup. Perce Lorseth of Volunteers of America which has the contract to run the place, says, "We canno afford to give everyone more than one cup."

The image of the poorhouse, with its stark routines an its meager fare, is commonly associated with decrepit o derelict people—tramps and indigents, junkies and alcohol ics. In some people's eyes, that kind of clientele even par tially justifies the discipline because such elements are help less without it. But the figures for Sacramento County dc not convey that impression. More than half of the genera assistance recipients have lived in the county for upward o seven years. Twenty percent of them are over 50 years o age, and more than 17 percent are between the ages of 21 and 25. The most common disability is unemployment.

This is the state of affairs in wealthy California afte several years of the nostrum of trickle down. Whether o not Deukmejian sticks to his policy of not raising taxes anc shuffling I.O.U.s from one branch of government to anoth er, it seems reasonable to bet that there will be no relief fo the citizens who now face the workhouse option. If it is true, as the old saying has it, that California is the American future, then the American poor had better watch out.

When I very first came to California, in the year 1970, I was armed with a letter from Carey McWilliams which introduced me to Lou Goldblatt. Lou was the longtime deputy to Harry Bridges in the longshoremen's union, and a man devoted to the education and the betterment of the working class. He had won a number of important battle honors, one of the finest being for his stand (with McWilliams) against the shameful internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II. He out-pointed the McCarthyites in the 1950s, poured scorn on the prowar faction over Vietnam and worked hard to integrate racial minorities into the work force. I'm using the past tense because he died the day I arrived in San Francisco. The idea of a generous and radical American labor movement is considered quaint by many clever people. Lou Goldblatt was evidence for the other view.

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ARTICLES.

■ REVIVALISM IN THE RANKS

Runaway Locals Have Big Unions Running Scared

DAVID BENSMAN

The Reagan years have been a nightmare for American labor. The President's crushing of PATCO inspired corporate America: Caterpillar Tractor's assault on the U.A.W. and big steel's revolt against the U.S.W. soon followed.

Yet amid labor's nightmare there are grounds for hope. The corporate rampage has provoked vigorous debate within the unions. Fresh winds of democracy are blowing through the once-stuffy halls of the house of labor.

Richard Trumka's victory last November over incumbent United Mine Workers president Sam Church is a case in point. Ten years after Arnold Miller's smashing triumph over the Lewis-Boyle machine, Church appeared to have consolidated his leadership and provided an organizational stability the union had sorely lacked under Miller.

But the mine operators' insistence on holding down wages, reducing health benefits, relaxing work rules and easing safety standards made the 1981 contract negotiations a nightmare for Church. Faced with these demands, he presented what was widely considered a "sweetheart contract" to the members. Church never recovered from the accusation that he had sold out, and the way was opened for Trumka, who promised competent leadership and a fresh approach to the economic problems of the coal industry.

United Steelworkers president Lloyd McBride is under fire as a result of his performance during negotiations last July and November on contract concessions demanded by management. The tentative agreement McBride hammered out with management negotiators in November, which called for 15 percent wage reductions during the first year of the new contract, among other things, was resoundingly rejected by local presidents.

At the root of McBride's internal political problems was the steel companies' insistence on bargaining separately with the so-called List 3 locals, McBride's staunchest allies. Management wanted these locals, which represent mostly employees at U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel warehouses, service centers, container plants and fabricating shops, to be severed from the Master Agreement as a way of forcing them to accept greater wage and benefit cuts than other steelworkers. This demand put McBride in a bind. If he refused, the steel companies threatened a lockout in August. But if he went along with management, he stood to lose the votes of the eighty List 3 local presidents—votes he badly needed for approval of the concessions package. He gambled that he could push through the tentative agreement without List 3 support and consented to their severance from the bargaining, but on November 19 the local leaders rejected the agreement by a vote of 231 to 141. The union is now more open to debate on bargaining strategies than ever before. (The old contract remains in effect until August. McBride is slated for mandatory retirement at the end of 1985, which should further embolden his opposition.)

The rejection of McBride's concession plan unleashed new opposition. David Sullivan, president of Bethlehem Steel's Burns Harbor mill, circulated a petition reading, "We are against one-sided, massive concessions." After more than 300 Chicago-Gary local union officials representing more than 50,000 steelworkers signed the petition, Sullivan forwarded it to Pittsburgh, where it was unanimously adopted by District 15 local presidents. Now a new petition, initiated by the conservative Local 1066 in Gary, is making the rounds, demanding that rank-and-file steelworkers be granted the right to ratify any concession proposal. International union leaders in Pittsburgh are on the hot seat.

Similar developments are taking place in the U.A.W. Last November, Canadian Chrysler workers defied their International leaders' pleas to postpone their strike, demonstrating to auto workers throughout the United States that unionists do not have to follow the path of "cooperation" with management. There is no serious opposition to Owen Bieber, who was nominated by the U.A.W.'s executive board to replace retiring president Douglas Fraser, but other leaders, such as Robert White, director of the Canadian union, are sure to get more attention from the rank and file than they have in the past.

In the International Brotherhood of Teamsters the emergence of new leaders is now under way, fed by the incumbents' incredibly poor bargaining performance. In the United Parcel Service negotiations last May, for example, union leaders agreed to a thirty-seven-month wage freeze even though U.P.S. earned record profits in 1981, three times the levels of the two previous years. In addition, the union agreed to allow the company to reduce starting wages for new part-time workers, a provision which could encourage U.P.S. to replace veteran part-timers with new employees.

The International leadership's inability to negotiate a better contract infuriated local unionists. At a ratification meeting held in Chicago last May, I.B.T. president Roy Williams faced an open revolt. Angry local presidents cursed him from the floor. When Williams called for a voice vote on the contract he'd negotiated, they voted it down. For the first time, there was a break in the solid I.B.T. hierarchy, but democracy not being part of the teamsters'

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tradition, the protest failed. Williams declared the contract ratified and refused demands for a roll-call vote.

Such disregard for the rank and file has generated a wave of antileadership sentiment within the I.B.T. During and after the U.P.S. talks, union members flocked to the dissident Teamsters for a Democratic Union (T.D.U.) by the hundreds.

A revolt similar to that of the U.P.S. workers broke out in Local 337 in Detroit, home of I.B.T. vice president Bobby Holmes. Local 337 represents employees of Pepsico, another company making large profits despite the depre sion. When Pepsico insisted on a concessions package, th workers voted to strike. Holmes overruled the negotiatin committee, which had recommended a strike even though is dominated by his supporters, and told the members t stay on the job. When the local defied Holmes's orders, h refused to call meetings or provide strike information t members. Without Holmes's full backing, the strike was in effective. The local settled for a 50-cent-an-hour increase i each year of the contract and accepted the transfer of th

Drawing the Line On Give-Backs

Despite relentless and growing employer demands for contract "give-backs" in many industries and increased restiveness among union members, there has been almost no official discussion within the American labor movement of the problem of concessions—and no concerted response to it.

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has kept mum on the subject, leaving individual unions—and many union locals—to fend for themselves. The Canadian Labor Congress, in contrast, last year adopted a strong "no concessions" stand and pledged its full support to all affiliates attempting to uphold that position at the bargaining table.

The Canadians' stand is beginning to attract attention in this country. One of the earliest manifestations of this interest was a little-reported conference held last November in Detroit, where about 700 American labor activists met with a contingent of Canadian unionists to discuss how American workers can adopt the Canadian approach. The gathering was sponsored by *Labor Notes*, a left-leaning rank-and-file newsletter started four years ago to help, it proclaimed, "put the movement back in the labor movement." Among those who attended were shop stewards, local officers, union members, labor educators and academic researchers.

The meeting took place against the backdrop of a work stoppage by 11,000 Canadian Chrysler workers, who broke with the no-strike negotiating strategy grudgingly approved by a majority of the U.A.W. members employed at Chrysler plants in the United States. "Contract concessions like those demanded at Chrysler are part of an overall strategy of the corporations and governments in both countries to reduce workers' economic and political power," said Canadian postal workers' union president Jean-Claude Parrot, a member of the C.L.C. executive council, in an address to the conference. "Workers have to be prepared to take militant action to resist concessions and agree not to willingly undercut each other. The survival of the labor movement is at stake."

Among the examples of Canadian militancy cited by Parrot and other speakers were the one-day general strike last November by 200,000 public employees in Quebec protesting new legislation freezing their wages and the factory occupations staged by workers whose employers threatened plant shutdowns as a bargaining ploy.

Participants from American unions reported on successful struggles in this country against demands for concessions. For example, when 500 members of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union were asked to accept $4.40-an-hour wage and benefit cuts at Morse Cutting Tools in New Bedford, Massachusetts, last summer, they took their case to the public, contending that it was the "disinvestment" policies of the company's parent firm, Gulf and Western—not high labor costs—that were endangering Morse's profitability.

It took a bitter thirteen-week strike before management withdrew its take-away proposals. Using the slogan "Stop Milking Morse," workers rallied strong support for their position from all segments of the community—politicians, the press, church groups, other unions and citizen organizations. All were angered by G.&W.'s threat, which amounted to blackmail, to shut the 118-year-old machine tool plant if the union refused to cooperate.

"If we hadn't explained to the public what the company was really doing with the plant and its equipment and how everyone would be hurt by a shutdown, we would never have gotten the backing we did—especially from workers making much less money or those without any jobs at all," said Rod Poineau, president of the U.E. local involved.

Poineau and other local union officers at the conference stressed the need for more support by national unions and the labor movement in general in contract struggles like the one at Morse. As one officer observed: "If unions in this country spent the same amount of time and energy dealing with concessions that they did electing Democrats in November, it would be a greater help to many of the workers affected by them."

STEVE EARLY

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nembers' pensions from the Central States Pension Fund o the Pepsico pension program, which the company avored. As a result of Holmes's opposition to the strike, T.D.U. support among Pepsico workers has grown, and ie could well lose his post in the local elections later this ear.

The I.B.T.'s inept bargaining reflects the ideological paralysis of its leaders. One of them, Raymond Fularczyk, president of Local 200 in Milwaukee, revealed how closely ie sympathizes with management's point of view at a recent meeting of the Industrial Relations Committee of the American Trucking Association. After fulsome praise of the national freight agreement, Fularczyk said, "You all let us give our members a hell of a decent way of life. We can go a long way toward helping the situation. The theme should be to unite, to get together, instead of constantly fighting."

The recent wave of rank-and-file unrest in unions once firmly controlled by their International officials is not primarily a result of leadership incompetence or ideological blindness. Rather it has occurred concomitantly with the changes in labor's relationship with management brought about by recession at home and more competition from abroad. The power of figures like Walter Reuther and I. W. Abel in the 1950s and 1960s was due largely to the success of highly centralized collective bargaining in winning higher wages and job security. In return for sweeter contracts, management demanded greater discipline of the workers; centralized authority in the unions served to make that discipline possible.

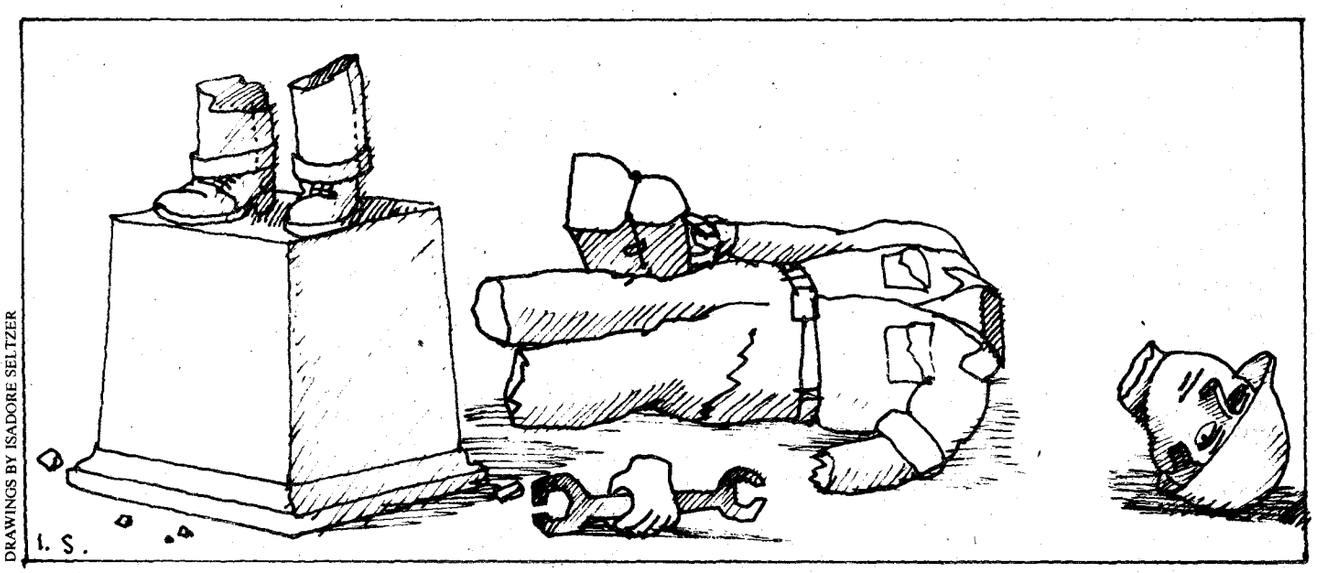
As foreign competition has intensified and economic growth ceased, it has become a different ball game. Corporations are demanding that union officials convince their members to accept reduced living standards and diminished control of the workplace. That's a herculean task. Experience has taught most workers that the boss is the enemy and that his word is not to be trusted. The grievance system is based on the assumption that managers and unionists are adversaries, each seeking an edge over the other. Workers cannot easily forget the lessons of a lifetime, no matter how dark economic prospects are.

Nor does corporate America's behavior lighten the labor leader's task. When U.S. Steel buys Marathon Oil and then cancels the program to modernize its steel mills because it is short of cash, when Chrysler advertises the Japanese craftsmanship of its automobiles, when General Motors proposes that Isuzu manufacture its subcompact cars, labor leaders who ask their members to help the company out with concessions find little sympathy.

The problems for union leaders created by management's behavior are exacerbated by the depression. Steelworkers, auto workers, miners and teamsters have come to expect comfortable living standards and to demand job security. After two generations of rising wages and benefits, they see their relative affluence as a right, not a privilege. Any union officer who bears the message of hard times and wage restraint is apt to learn the lesson brought home so painfully to Jimmy Carter—no one wants to be led into a worse future.

The next few years will be difficult ones for the labor movement. Whatever the outcome in the steel negotiations this summer—whether there is a strike or a concessions agreement—steelworkers are going to suffer severe economic losses. Their pain will be increased by continuing layoffs. When companies don't modernize, mills shut down and workers are out in the street. When companies do modernize, many workers are displaced by the new technology. The same problems exist in mining and the auto industry, while the trucking industry has been hurt by deregulation.

But these hard times also offer opportunities. If the decentralization of power in union hierarchies results not in anarchy but in vigorous debate, if besieged union leaders seize the opportunity to organize the unorganized and activate their members through educational campaigns and mobilization drives—as Richard Trumka proposes to do in the mine workers' union—the 1980s could be a time of militance and growth for the labor movement, as the 1930s were. □



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POLITICS BY MURDER

The Argentine Military Turns On Its Own

CÉSAR A. CHELALA

On January 11, 1979, a decomposed body that had been found floating in a river near Buenos Aires was identified as that of Elena Holmberg. She had recently returned from Paris, where she had worked as the press attaché in the Argentine Embassy.

Elena Holmberg came from a prominent family with strong ties to the army. A niece of a former President, Gen. Alejandro Lanusse, she was also a friend of Gen. Jorge Videla, then President of Argentina. By 1978 the military junta could no longer ignore the world outcry against the human rights abuses it had committed in its fight against leftist guerrillas. Holmberg, who sympathized with the hard-liners in the government, was placed in charge of a propaganda operation designed to counteract what the military leaders perceived as an international campaign against them. On December 20, she was abducted at gunpoint from her car in Buenos Aires. Three weeks later, her body was discovered in the Luján River.

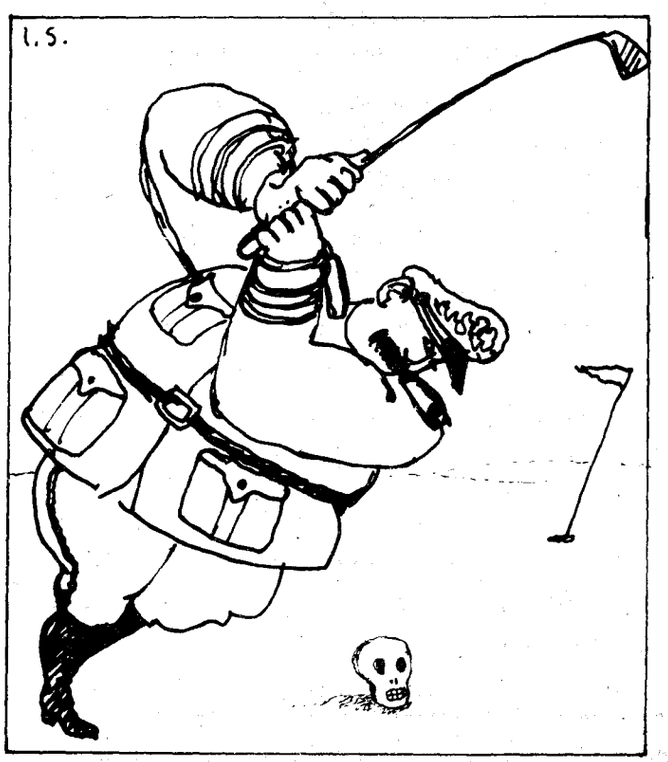
When the military took power in Argentina in 1976 upon the overthrow of Isabel Perón, Adm. Emilio Massera became a member of the junta, and began to nurture presidential ambitions. Massera was one of the architects of the military's apparatus of repression. As the commander in chief of the navy, he created Task Force GT333/2, which played a major role in the military's war against the opposition, detaining and torturing countless numbers of "subversives." Its operations center was in the Navy Mechanics' School, the headquarters and training camp of the Argentine Marines.

In 1978, after the guerrilla forces had been annihilated, Massera stepped down from the junta and launched his political campaign. His outspoken criticism of the junta's policies put him at odds with several powerful generals in the government. Eager to gain support from the Perónists, Massera contacted leftist Perónist leaders in exile, including the Montoneros, who had been targets of his repression. The fact that he was in touch with guerrilla leaders and may have been involved in financial dealings with them was discovered by Holmberg while she was working at the Argentine Embassy in Paris. In late 1978, she was recalled to Buenos Aires, apparently because of pressure from Massera. She reported her findings to her superiors and several colleagues, including her friend Gregorio Dupont, a former diplomat. A few days later, she herself became a *desaparecido*.

While there were rumors at the time that Massera was involved, no official action was taken. Now, more than four years later, in the wake of fierce criticism of the military leadership for its amateurish handling of the Falklands war, former Ambassador to France Tomás de Anchorena and Gregorio Dupont have joined Holmberg's brothers in demanding that the government investigate her death. Both de Anchorena and Dupont hold Massera responsible for Holmberg's death. On September 30, 1982, Marcelo Dupont, Gregorio's brother and a prominent businessman, was abducted in Buenos Aires. A few days later, his body was found. The police concluded that he had been strangled and then thrown from the top floor of a building under construction in a residential section of Buenos Aires.

The killing of Marcelo Dupont has all the earmarks of an assassination by one of Argentina's paramilitary groups, and was probably a warning to his brother to stop making charges against Massera. De Anchorena and Dupont's accusations echo the findings of a report by Amnesty International, which blamed Massera's GT333/2 for the murders of several figures in the regime, including Elena Holmberg and Ambassador to Venezuela Héctor Hidalgo Solá, who disappeared in Buenos Aires in 1977 and is presumed dead. A friend of former President Videla, Solá was abducted after announcing his intention to run for the presidency against Massera.

Exposing the murderers of Holmberg, Solá and Marcelo Dupont could throw new light on the secret world of the Argentine military. The evidence that has surfaced thus far suggests the killings were a result of fierce internecine



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disputes within the military. As human rights groups have charged repeatedly, disappearances in Argentina are no longer confined to the guerrillas and their sympathizers. They now involve the enemies of rival groups in the military.

Although Massera is most likely involved in Marcelo Dupont's death, some political observers speculate that he was actually killed by the army intelligence agency known as Battalion 101 in order to discredit Massera. But even if that is the case, it provides another illustration of the deadly feuds within the military, especially between army and navy officers as they jockey for political power. Dupont's assassination and the continuing disappearances and killings indicate that the repressive apparatus of the military is still intact. They also show that this apparatus is used not only to repress the opposition but also to deal with the military's political feuds.

The public outcry in Argentina over Marcelo Dupont's assassination has not diminished. Holmberg's brothers remain determined to find those responsible for her death, and Solá's sons are continuing their efforts to learn more about their father's fate. If they succeed in opening up the Argentine military's hidden labyrinth of terror, the benefits for the future of democracy in this tortured nation would be incalculable. □

FATTENING THE FAT CATS

Reagan 'PIKS' A Farm Program

KENNETH FINEGOLD AND RICHARD M. VALELLY

Not since the 1930s have farmers had it so bad. To help them, the Reagan Administration has adopted a new farm policy—PIK, for "payment in kind." The proposal was passed by the House and by the Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee, but never reached the floor of the Senate, which was tied up by debates on the MX and the gasoline tax.

Speaking before the American Farm Bureau Federation in Dallas on January 11, President Reagan announced that the Administration would put PIK into effect immediately, without Congressional approval. "We don't have time to stand around chewing our cud," Reagan explained.

What is PIK? In Dallas, the President called it a "crop swap." It is a program under which farmers will receive payments for withholding acreage from production in the form of agricultural commodities rather than money. Farmers who agree to take up to 50 percent of their acreage out of cultivation will be given government surplus wheat, corn and other feed grains, rice or cotton in quantities of up to 95 percent of what they would have grown on their land had they planted it. These crop payments will be in addition to the cash subsidies farmers receive for allowing land to lie fallow under present price-support programs.

President Reagan has called PIK "highly innovative." The program, however, will benefit primarily the wealthiest farmers rather than the smaller ones, and will hurt the urban poor while throwing more factory workers out of jobs. The PIK program's real beneficiary is the Administration itself, for it will enable the Reaganites to cut spending on some farm programs while continuing to pursue a costly military buildup.

From the early 1920s until the mid-1930s, when New Deal farm programs began taking hold, farmers suffered from chronically large surpluses and low prices. These conditions prevail today. As in the 1920s and 1930s, the price many farmers get for their produce does not cover the costs of growing it. For an increasing number of them, the result is foreclosure by the Farmers Home Administration, mortgage insurance companies, Federal land banks or commercial banks. For manufacturers of farm equipment, the result is reduced demand. International Harvester alone lost $1 billion during the fourth quarter of fiscal 1982. As George N. Peek, chief of International Harvester's predecessor, Moline Plow, said in the early 1920s, "You can't sell a plow to a busted farmer."

Like its Republican counterparts of the 1920s and early 1930s, the Reagan Administration is responding to agricultural depression with policies that seem to address farmers' problems but that actually serve the twin idols of fiscal conservatism and "getting government off our backs." PIK's proponents claim that it will accomplish two objectives. It will reduce the federally-owned farm surplus accumulated under current price-support programs, which cost the taxpayers $11.9 billion in price-support loans, subsidies and storage fees in fiscal 1982. At the same time, PIK is supposed to induce farmers to let more land lie fallow, thus reducing production. Lower production means less grain on the market and higher prices for future crops.

In other words, PIK is meant to help farmers help themselves. And it purports also to help the taxpayers. But does it?

Actually, no one really knows what effect PIK will have on the price and quantity of farm products. Farmers will have to do something with the surplus crops they will be given. Since they are usually price-takers rather than price-makers, they are in a poor position to market surplus commodities in ways that will benefit their interests. If they sell the surplus, they may offset the effect of the production curbs by adding to the present glut, keeping prices down. With continuing low prices, many farmers would have to produce even more in order to meet their regular mortgage payments. If farmers use the grain as feed, they will exacerbate the problem of livestock overproduction. Moreover, like most farm programs since the New Deal, PIK limits acreage under cultivation rather than quantity of

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output. The effect of such programs has generally been to encourage higher production on less land through capital-intensive farming methods. PIK may thus create larger surpluses down the road.

Among PIK's other possible effects would be larger subsidies to wealthy farmers and agribusinesses. The government currently puts a $50,000 ceiling on cash payments to an individual farmer, which imposes some limit on what the largest operators, with the most land to take out of production, can receive in subsidies. But Secretary of Agriculture John Block will exempt PIK payments from this ceiling. Because PIK commodity certificates will have cash value, the largest farmers will be able to make more money than they do under the present programs. Block says that the exemption is needed to make PIK efficient, but the exemption's main effect will be to nullify a provision in the laws that is intended to prevent rich farmers from getting richer.

While PIK helps the rich, it will do little for the poor. Tenant farmers and farmworkers may be hurt as owners take land out of production. If the program succeeds in lowering output, the already depressed farm equipment industry will receive another blow. The Department of Agriculture claims that the plan will raise farm prices without increasing consumer costs, but since PIK does not affect what processors, distributors and retailers charge, it is hard to see how consumers can avoid paying more for food. And since the poor spend more of their budget on food, higher food costs will hurt them the most. The farm surpluses Secretary Block wants to reduce have lowered food prices, benefiting the poor. When surpluses become so large that it is cheaper to give them away than to store them, the poorest people receive free food. (Last year, for instance, 150 million pounds of surplus cheese and 50 million pounds of surplus butter were distributed.) A similar program for surplus grains could enable the truly needy, especially those who are no longer eligible for food stamps because of Reagan budget cuts, to eat a little better.

Although PIK is supposed to save money by reducing storage costs, it may have unintended side effects that will increase expenditures in other areas. For example, if PIK leads to expanded food production, it will create new pressure from farmers for more costly solutions to the surplus problem. Any increase in unemployment resulting from PIK means an increase in unemployment compensation and welfare expenditures, while the exemption of PIK payments from the $50,000 ceiling will provide welfare for the rich. That is certainly a high-priced way to stimulate the farm economy.

The Reagan Administration claims to eschew the social experimentation dear to liberals. But with the PIK plan, it seems to be proposing a social experiment of its own. PIK's effects on the price and quantity of farm products, its favoritism of the rich both within and outside the agricultural economy and its impact on the budget are all potentially harmful.

In Dallas, Reagan stated that PIK "makes the problem the solution." But it seems likely that this solution will create even bigger problems. If PIK fails, the familiar victims of Reaganomics—factory workers, farm laborers, middle-class taxpayers and the urban poor—will share with farmers the burden of the Reagan Administration's irresponsibility. □

'FRIENDLY' MACHINES

Microcomputers And the Left

CHRISTOPHER ROPER

Computers, recently apotheosized as "Machine of the Year" by *Time*, would not win any popularity contests on the left, where the prevailing view is that they are the Enemy.

The left's bill of particulars runs along familiar lines. For the most part, computers are manufactured by monopolistic corporations. They accelerate the trend toward centralization of power and authority. Governments use them for surveillance of their citizens—particularly political dissidents—and corporations use them to standardize operations, which often dehumanizes the workplace. A priesthood of systems analysts and engineers speaking an arcane language has grown up to tend these expensive machines. Computers eliminate jobs in the offices of the First World and lead to the creation of sweatshops in the Third World. The domination of computer technology by the industrialized countries raises the specter of a world divided between information haves and have-nots.

All these charges ignore the introduction of cheap microcomputers in the early 1970s, the proliferation of companies making them and their increased availability to home users and small businesses. These developments have radically changed the picture. Most organizations, no matter how small, can now afford computing power. The cost of computing has decreased by 250 times in the past eighteen years. Systems that cost $1 million in 1965 can be had for $4,000 today, and this downward trend will continue.

Even though multinational corporations will acquire ever larger and more powerful machines, because of the availability of small computers they will no longer dominate the information field. The difference between having a computer and not having one is far greater than the difference between having a relatively slow desk-top model and a fast main-frame unit. Furthermore, by joining a computer network, a small computer can gain access to the largest and fastest models in the world.

Microcomputers also provide an impetus toward decentralization. In most large corporate and government bureaucracies, computing is still in the hands of data-processing specialists, but the wider availability of computers to nonspecialists may strip this priesthood of its

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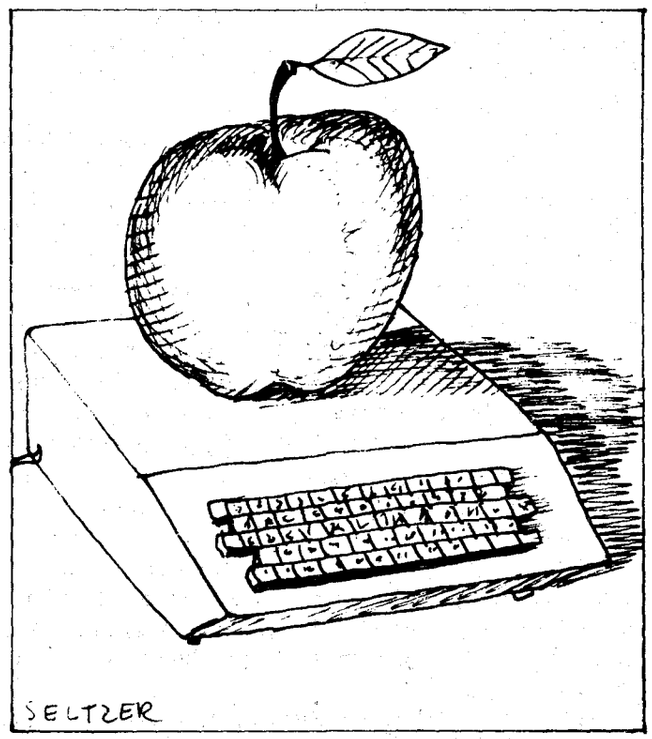
power. And just as the office photocopier gave rise to document leaks and other breaches of security, so the desktop computer could provide whistle-blowers with greater access to electronic records.

Most of the technological problems have been solved, and future innovations will be intellectual, involving higher mathematics, logical analysis and linguistics—that is, they will come in the area of programming. And these intellectual products cannot be as easily monopolized as technological improvements.

Most people who buy a home computer will never write a program. Software capable of taking on an increasing range of analytical and administrative tasks is readily available. All anyone has to do is analyze the task at hand—whether it is combing mailing lists for potential contributors or comparing oil-company pricing policies for a journalistic exposé—and find the software most suited to accomplish it.

The left should recognize that computers can help us overcome many of the organizational deficiencies that have bedeviled our efforts to build and control our own institutions. For instance, they can help us improve the operations of publishing, craft and buyers' cooperatives, and they can streamline fund raising and political organizing.

To assess the larger impact of computers on society, however, it is not enough simply to ask what these machines can do, or be made to do. We must also examine the cultural and political reasons for the growth and power of bureaucracies. For example, we should consider the extent to which the necessity of processing large quantities of paper created the high degree of centralization characteristic of modern states and corporations, and the extent to which control of information on a global scale was crucial to the rise of the multinational corporation. It is conceivable that a network of decentralized units will replace the pyramidal form as the dominant organizational model of Western capitalism. If that happens, bureaucratic and political systems of control will be radically different from those that have grown up during the past two centuries in the West.



From the keyboard of my Apple II computer, the benefits of microcomputing look enormous. It enables me to live outside the city, and I can use my computer as a typewriter, a filing system and an accounting system. I can also use it to prepare copy for phototypesetting. I have recently taken up my education in mathematics where it stopped twenty-five years ago, and am now exploring differential calculus, formal logic and new computer languages. For the first time in my life I feel that I am close to the frontiers of intellectual endeavor. And I am not an expert in electronics or a trained programmer.

No one seems to have foreseen the spread of microcomputers, beginning with hobbyists and kids playing Pac Man and ending with secretaries using these units instead of I.B.M. typewriters in offices across the land. Although I.B.M. did join the fray with its own home computer in 1981, its model relied on hardware and software designs bought from small companies (in many cases now big companies) that sprouted like mushrooms during the 1970s.

The introduction of the microcomputer has been a chaotic and uncontrolled process. There are now a wide variety of systems and a ferociously competitive marketplace, more akin to a Middle Eastern bazaar than to the orderly markets of advanced capitalist societies. Some people believe that this process will soon be less chaotic, and that I.B.M., Xerox and Digital Equipment will soon be back on top of the heap. That remains to be seen. What interests me is whether an Apple II could ever have been produced either by a major corporation or by a state enterprise.

In my view, it could not have been. The developments that made Apple IIs, TRS-80s and other microcomputers so useful were not, and probably could not have been, centrally planned. They were a result of thousands of separate ideas (including a lot of false starts and blind alleys), not all of which were able to survive in the marketplace.

And, contrary to the hopes of socialist theorists, all attempts at building socialism in this century have been highly centralized and bureaucratic. This is as true for the British and Scandinavian social democracies as it is for the centrally planned economies of Eastern Europe and Asia. Neither the managers of socialism nor the strategists of I.B.M. or Honeywell have any incentive to produce a cheap personal computer. The big producers of consumer electronics are more interested in centralized systems—for example, cable television, which gives consumers choice of output but no control of input—than in personal computing.

The political, sociological and economic factors that made California and New England the nurseries of the microcomputer age are more complex than is generally recognized. They have to do with local entrepreneurial behavior, the emergence of a counterculture in the 1960s, high concentrations of affluent and technically skilled consumers, the proximity of universities and research institu-

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tions and high levels of defense investment. Not one of these things, on its own, could have produced the microcomputer. But it is possible that the microcomputer would not exist in its present form if any had been missing.

The potential of the microcomputer revolution is not yet understood. Nor do we know what its full impact will be. There is an urgent need, however, for the left to examine the wide-ranging effects of personal computers, even though that may involve questioning assumptions regarded as Holy Writ. In order to begin this examination, activists on the left must get their hands on computers, familiarize themselves with their uses and limitations and prepare themselves for the inevitable changes ahead. □

Feminism

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

testers over to the very values and institutions they once attacked.

Evidence of the success of this effort is not hard to find. Ten years ago, you could walk into any large bookstore and browse among shelves of books and magazines carrying the kind of message my editor friend longs to publish. Today, things are different. Walk into any large bookstore and you'll find racks of primers on appropriate managerial and entrepreneurial conduct. Covers with clenched fists and feminist symbols are no longer in vogue. Now we have photographs of smartly dressed women standing in front of imposing desks in elegant but efficiently furnished offices. This role model of success—a tailored Charlie's Angel who carries an attaché case instead of a .38—will teach her sisters about the virtues of action, as well as how to "network," cut deals, make killings, be the boss and get to the top of the corporate heap.

The helpful tips our sisters in business provide are necessary, they say, because women face serious obstacles as they travel the road to success. First, they must overcome their feminine socialization. Their upbringing has, sadly, made them nurturers rather than predators and thus ill suited for the marketplace. More important, women must also overcome the scruples instilled by their feminist education, for feminism and the radical movements from which it sprang had little positive to say about corporate America and the power relations and values that prevail therein. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, women who came to feminism from the antiwar and civil rights movements shared certain ideals and goals: they shared the desire, as Eugene Debs so aptly put it, "to rise with the ranks, rather than from the ranks." Wealth, ambition, jockeying for power, the subordination of one's personal life to one's professional life and the delight in wielding authority—in short, precisely what many women are now choosing to pursue—were not highly regarded. Now many of the same women who once hoped to revolutionize the system are being trained as its administrators, and they need a corporate education as well as an ideology that will allow them to reconcile the hopes of the past with the realities of the present.

That is exactly what book after book and article after article, not to mention the myriad seminars on entrepreneurial feminism, are offering them. To draw the fainthearted or skeptical woman into the fray, these voices of corporate America start by calming her fear that she must become a "company woman." The first lesson the would-be managerial woman receives is that she can be totally committed to both her sisters and herself. For the managerial woman will be less competitive and callous, more humane and supportive, than the managerial man.

"Today women managers are bringing a new dimension to the administrative process," writes Margaret Fenn in *In the Spotlight: Women Executives in a Changing Environment*. "Women managers are helping to move business toward the adoption of an administrative philosophy that provides the opportunity for all members to participate and contribute their skills and knowledge to the processes affecting them." "Women," writes Nancy Lee in *Targeting the Top*, "have generally trained themselves to pay close attention to others in order to understand their motivations and predict what is apt to happen. Intuition or accurately reading verbal and non-verbal signals, coupled with genuine concern for other people, are the great strengths that women are bringing with them into the organization."

Lest women worry that wielding power will corrupt them as it has corrupted so many men, *Ms.* magazine's recent issue on power reassures them that "the solidarity fostered by the women's movement" is "setting precedents for the next generation and they [powerful women] are creating a reality, a way to think about and perceive powerful women, where before we only had myths and caricatures."

The question, of course, is what kind of reality are these women creating? Are women in business any different from their male counterparts?

The women's movement grew out of a critique of male power and out of a close accounting of the price men pay for their dominant position. Feminists argued that men have forfeited the ability to lead a life that can bring both personal and professional fulfillment; feminism's promise was a life that balanced love, friendship and work. Yet the same corporate feminists who spout volumes about the need to combine personal and professional fulfillment also write that the woman manager must, like so many men before her, subordinate the personal to the professional. Margaret V. Higginson and Thomas L. Quick in *The Ambitious Woman's Guide to a Successful Career* make it quite clear that if a woman is to succeed in business she must play by the rules: "The separation of personal, private self from public self may be distasteful but most managers find it necessary. Managerial performance requires that the manager be where the action is. This requirement may entail long hours, travel movement outside work hours and public review of one's action."

"Managerial performance" also involves making one's per-

Suzanne Gordon is associate editor of Working Papers Magazine *and author of* Off Balance: The Real World of Ballet, *to be published by Pantheon.*

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The Chromium Mechanism

The first comprehensive explanation of electrochemical activity during the plating of chromium has recently been formulated at the General Motors Research Laboratories. This understanding has aided in transforming chromium plating into a highly efficient, high-speed operation.

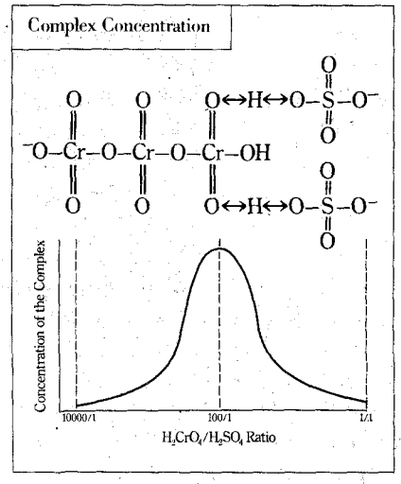
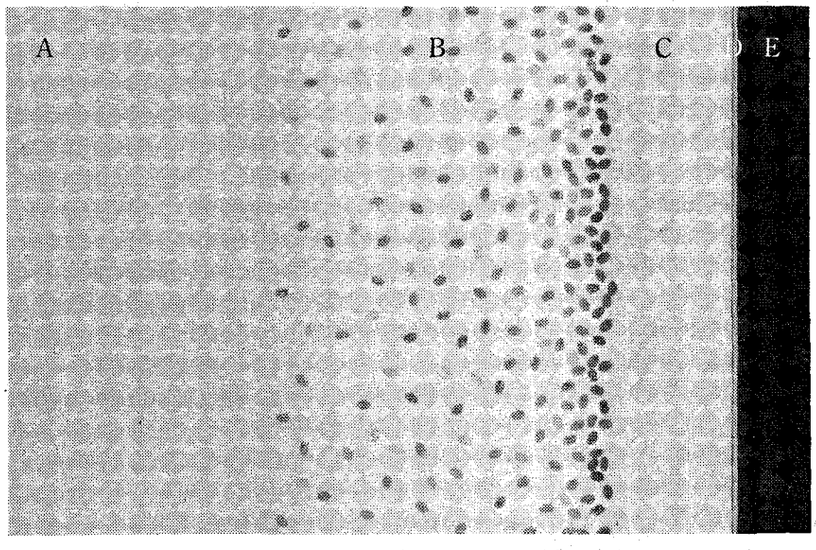


Figure 1: The electroactive complex and a theoretical plot of its concentration as a function of chromic acid to sulfuric acid ratio.

Figure 2: The electroactive complex diffuses from the bulk electrolyte solution (A) through the diffusion layer (B) to the Helmholtz double layer (C) to be discharged as metallic chromium (D) on the cathode (E) surface.



FOR MANY industrial applications, chromium coatings of more than 0.2 mil thickness are required for wear and corrosion resistance. But the conventional method of plating chromium is neither fast nor efficient. Nor, until the recent work of a GM researcher, had the steps involved in the century-old plating process been explained in detail. Through a combination of theory and experiment, Dr. James Hoare has devised the first comprehensive mechanism for chromium plating. This increased understanding has helped electrochemists at the General Motors Research Laboratories develop a system that plates chromium sixty times faster than the conventional method, while improving energy-efficiency by a factor of three.

The electrolyte for plating is a chromic acid solution which contains various chromate ions: chromate, dichromate and trichromate. From a series of steady-state polarization experiments, Dr. Hoare concluded that trichromate is the ion important in chromium deposition.

Sulfuric acid has been recognized as essential to chromium plating and has been assumed by some to be a catalyst for the process. In this strongly acidic solution, sulfate should be mostly present as the bisulfate ion $(HSO_4)^-$. Dr. Hoare found, contrary to expectations, that the addition of sulfuric acid to the plating bath decreased the conductivity of the solution.

Combining these findings with the results of previous investigations, Dr. Hoare concluded that the electroactive species was a trichromate-bisulfate complex (see Figure 1). From equilibrium considerations, he theorized that the maximum concentration of this species occurred at a 100-to-1 chromic acid/sulfuric acid ratio. The observation that the maximum rate of chromium deposition also occurred at this ratio supports the conclusion that this trichromate-bisulfate complex is the electroactive species.

During the plating process, the complex diffuses from the bulk solution toward the cathode (see Figure 2). Electron transport takes place by quantum mechanical tunneling through the potential energy barrier of the Helmholtz double layer and the unprotected chromium in the complex (Cr atom

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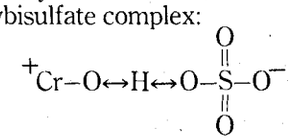
on the left in Figure 1) loses electons by successive steps, going from Cr^{+6} to Cr^{+2}. Decomposition of the resulting chromous dichromate complex takes place by acid hydrolysis to form a chromous-oxybisulfate complex:



The positive end of this complex is adsorbed onto the cathode surface. Electrons are transferred from the cathode to the adsorbed chromium ion, forming metallic chromium and regenerating the $(HSO_4)^-$ ion. Thus, Dr. Hoare's mechanism explains how sulfuric acid, in the form of the bisulfate ion, participates in the plating process.

IT HAS long been known that chromium cannot be plated from a solution when initially present as Cr^{+3} because of the formation of the stable aquo complex, $[Cr(H_2O)_6]^{+3}$. Yet chromium can be plated when initially present as Cr^{+6} even though it must pass through the Cr^{+3} state before being deposited. Dr. Hoare's mechanism handles this paradox by explaining that the chromium ion being deposited (on the left in Figure 1) is protected by the rest of the complex as it passes through the Cr^{+3} state, so that the stable aquo complex cannot form.

The diffusion of the electroactive complex apparently controls the rate of the process, so that shortening the diffusion path increases the speed of chromium deposition. A high rate of relative motion between the electrolyte and the cathode will shorten the path. This can be accomplished by rapid flow or by agitation of the electrolyte.

Dr. Hoare found that the rate of chromium deposition increased with electrolyte flow until the process was no longer diffusion-controlled. He also found that the use of dilute electrolyte significantly increased plating efficiency.

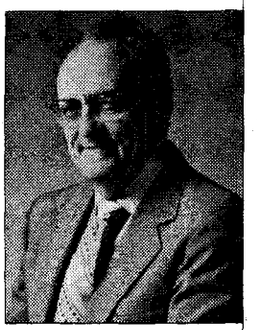
"This project is an excellent example," says Dr. Hoare, "of how basic research and engineering principles can be combined to develop a new, successful process. Now, we'd like to take on the challenge of plating successfully from Cr^{+3}, which would be an even more efficient way to provide corrosion and wear resistance."

General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. James Hoare is a Research Fellow at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He is a member of the Electrochemistry Department.

Dr. Hoare served as an electronics technician in the U.S. Navy during the Second World War. In 1949, he received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the Catholic University of America. After an assistant professorship at Trinity College in Washington, D.C., he joined the US Naval Research Laboratory as a physical chemist. He became a staff member at General Motors in 1960.

Dr. Hoare's sustaining interest has been in electrochemical kinetics and the mechanisms of electrode processes. He is best known to the scientific community for his basic studies of hydrogen and oxygen electrode mechanisms. His book, *The Electrochemistry of Oxygen,* published in 1968, is considered a work of primary importance to the field. In addition to his work on chromium plating, he is responsible for the fundamental research that helped make electrochemical machining a precision process.

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sonal life serve one's professional goals. "Your relationships with former associates," say Higginson and Quick, "must reflect position not emotion." "Women," they complain, "seem to have a special problem in this area. In the company cafeteria, for example, they will sit down with other women—even if these women are on a lower job level, rather than joining the men who are now their peers."

Margaret Fenn put it even more bluntly: "Associations and friendships reflect managerial values. These imply a degree of social distancing from subordinates." And according to Gay Norton Edelman, in an article on office politics, "The fact is, you were hired to get the job done, not to win friends, fulfill needs left from your childhood or work out unresolved conflicts from your past. You don't have to be a cold fish or a cutthroat . . . but it's good politics to avoid becoming too people-oriented. You don't want personal relationships in the office to harm your work and career." In other words, the recognition that we all need intimacy is not a strength but a weakness, a holdover from childhood that must be shed by women seeking to take their places in the adult world.

Thus friendships are inappropriate and sticking together must give way to looking out for number one, say the corporate Machiavellis. When one troubled executive wrote to *Savvy* magazine's column "Ideas and Strategies for Doing Better Business," she learned that better business is simply business as usual. New to her company, she had been beset by a gang of employees who challenged her authority. What was *Savvy*'s solution? "Divide and conquer. The way your gang is acting, the time for group talk is over. Now you must deal with each one privately. You must make each see that her future self-interest is linked to pleasing you and not to pleasing others in the group."

In the same issue, a disgruntled employee who had joined her co-workers to fight an authoritarian boss was given similar counsel: "You have probably already hurt yourself by joining the grumblers, but it's still not too late to do what you should have done in the beginning. Request a private meeting and tell her that you are committed to working with her. As for your colleagues—remember, old alliances often go through radical swings during the first months under a new leadership. . . . One thing you can depend on: Change at the top provides opportunities for new alliances."

These new alliances, of course, should be alliances with the powerful, and the effect of them is to maintain that power, not redistribute it. And so it is no surprise that these books and articles place great emphasis on the virtues of networking and role-modeling. Indeed, the adoption of networking by women in business has been lauded as one of modern feminism's foremost achievements. Women realized that affirmative action suits would take them only so far. What they needed was contact with the rich and powerful, so they began to form replicas of the "old boy networks" through which powerful men have traditionally passed on their power to a select few. As a result of these networks, more women are now in, or near, positions of power and can thus serve as role models who, according to *Ms.*, pave the road that millions of other women will travel.

In reality, however, the relationships cemented in the old girl networks are no different from those the old boy networks foster. For no matter which sex uses it, the network is a vehicle for the advancement of an elite. Moreover, the role-model concept turns feminist politics into fantasy: women cease to be the architects of a radical vision of the world and become spectators, watching the drama of other women's success.

The power of collective action, these books and articles say, is no longer the goal; corporate feminism seeks the legitimation of the individual manager's power over others. And so Fenn informs us:

> An effective manager recognizes that power and influence are parts of everyday life. It's true that all organizational members are positioned in a hierarchy which implies unequal power distribution. But such distribution emerges naturally from ideas about social organization and behavior. As a condition of employment employees accept as legitimate the exercise of authority over areas related to performance and are indifferent to the fact that they have the ability to choose other alternatives.

If they're not worried about your authority, why should you be?

The message of these self-help books is expounded with great enthusiasm when businesswomen gather to march off into the corporate sunset. At the third Women in Business Conference in New York City, attended by 3,000 executives, entrepreneurs and owners of small and large businesses, the participants were treated to seminars on business skills that emphasized the virtues of wealth and status. Women were not told how to nurture their subordinates, how to fight for the underprivileged or how to imbue the corporation with radical feminist values. They were schooled in the arts of adaptation.

In a seminar entitled "Dressing for Success," women were taught that the way they present themselves is no less important than the business equipment they purchase. Four panelists—Beverly Stephen, a syndicated columnist for the New York *Daily News*; Maria Rios, a psychotherapist; Ruth McCarthy Manton, president of a design management company; and Barbara Munder, a high-level executive at McGraw-Hill—explained that finding a "self and self-style" appropriate to the corporate world involves change and risk. They also pointed out that one's clothes, like one's friendships, must reflect managerial values. "In corporate or financial institutions you can show some individuality, but not too much," Munder said candidly. "You can't show too much individuality, not even at the top. I would never go into a presentation without a suit."

While most of the conference participants were trying to make contacts, I talked with Marie Robinson, who owns a business and is an avid proponent of the corporate feminist success gospel. I asked her if she thinks women function differently from men in the business world. She answered unequivocally in the affirmative: "Women's leadership style is to reach a consensus rather than be authoritarian. My style is generally to reach a consensus, to build a team.

"I think women generally have tremendous empathy for

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the women working under them. They're part of the family women create." This means, she elaborated, that if you "make them feel they belong," they'll be willing to work longer hours without demanding overtime.

Grace Fippinger, a vice president at New York Telephone and honorary chair of the conference, amiably informed me that she wants all women in business to consider themselves part of her team. But she feels she has a responsibility only to women at her own level. When I asked if she thought she should help her female subordinates advance, she was aghast: "I wouldn't treat a woman who reports to me any different than a man. That wouldn't be fair."

A reading of the literature on corporate feminism and an examination of corporate feminist values lead to one inescapable conclusion: women exercising their entrepreneurial skills, wielding power and flexing their financial muscles are joining the system, not changing it. Some women have noted this with dismay and exhorted feminists to return to their roots. In an article in *The New York Times Magazine*, for example, Anne Taylor Flemming ruefully reported the sad fact that women have not responded to success as feminists had hoped they would. On their "way to the top," women are not being "as gentle with one another as we once hoped we'd be," she wrote, and recalled the promise of feminism—that women would "be tender with one another because our wombs had somehow bequeathed us an extra empathy, a kind of biologic tenderness." She doesn't question the pursuit of careerist goals; she merely seeks a "gentler jungle."

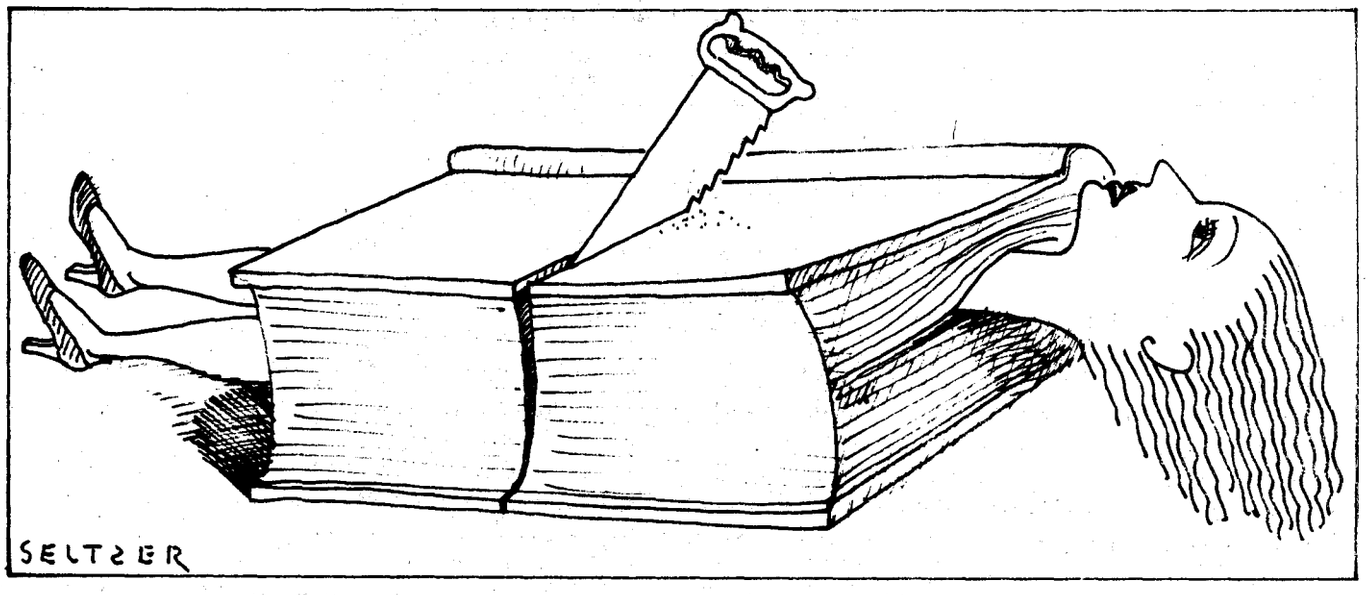
This Victorian vision of femininity is precisely the vision that fuels corporate feminism. Femininity, the corporate feminists argue, is a kind of armor that magically protects women from the compromises the business world forces men to make every day of their professional lives. Because of femininity—and corporate feminism—women can enter that world and remain pure; they can manage and administer without power corrupting them because it is the sex, not the system, that determines what people believe and how they act.

The reality, of course, is quite the opposite. As these books and articles and seminars show, it is the system, not the sex, that determines values and behavior. For centuries men have been in charge, and so feminism has associated capitalism's ills with masculinity. But putting a corporate feminist in charge won't cure those ills; she'll simply perpetuate them—though her rhetoric will be more gentle.

Women cannot do it differently because they're not allowed to. They cannot live by the values of radical feminism (or any other ism—except, of course, capitalism) in the business world because no one in corporate America has the freedom to live by values other than those of corporate America. As Barbara Munder said in her disquisition on dress: women in business can't even escape the uniform when they're on top. Ostensibly, she was referring only to appearances. In fact, standardization in fashion is indicative of a more extensive standardization. When women—or men for that matter—enter the business world, they must shed their politics, their emotions and their ideals, and they must standardize their attire, their attitudes, their behavior and even their skills.

Given the current state of the women's movement and the fragmentation of progressive politics, this is hardly surprising. If reform feminism had chosen to be an aggressive partner in a strong progressive movement for broad social change, the outlook would not be so grim. One could safely counsel women to take their places at all levels of economic and political life, knowing that a political community would reinforce their ideals, help them withstand the institutional pressures to adapt to the status quo and encourage action that might lead to changes within America's major institutions.

Without such a movement, and in the face of reformist feminism's affair with careerism, it is hard to imagine a scenario other than the one thousands of women are enacting today. For once collective ideals are abandoned, everything else—the fine feelings and fond wishes—goes with it. Women must become company women because there is nothing left to be. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Labyrinth and Clue

J. D. McCLATCHY

POEMS TWICE TOLD. *By Jay Macpherson. Oxford University Press. 96 pp. $10.95.*

PUELLA. *By James Dickey. Doubleday and Company. 48 pp. $10.95.*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. *By Hayden Carruth. Harper & Row. 143 pp. $11.95.*

RECOVERIES. *By Theodore Weiss. Macmillan. 62 pp. $11.95.*

The Canadian poet Jay Macpherson published her first collection a quarter-century ago. *The Boatman* was greeted with the Governor General's Award and with praise from a band of loyalists, but it went promptly out of print. Since then, she has been a poet one "heard of" rather than read. The woman herself—one heard—was reclusive; few poems appeared in magazines; her second collection, *Welcoming Disaster*, was privately published in 1974. Long in securing her permission to do so, Oxford has now brought those two collections, and some additional poems, together in one book. And a very odd book it is.

If Macpherson's work seemed a curiosity twenty-five years ago, it can only strike readers today as still more strange—even radical—in its refusals. Some will class her with Stevie Smith or Edgar Bowers as an eccentric. Others will consider her a throwback—to Blake, Dickinson, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In any case, she is an anomaly. She has written in the splendid isolation of a brilliant reader, not innocent of fashion but studying to ignore it. Here, for instance, is a poem in which the Ark addresses Noah:

> Between me and the wood
> I grew in, you stood
> Firm as when first I woke
> Alive in your hand.
>
> How could you know your love,
> If not defined in me,
> From the grief of the always wounded,
> Always closing sea?

J. D. McClatchy, a poet and critic, is the author of Scenes From Another Life *(Braziller).*

The question to ask here is not, Why bother to write like Blake or the young Yeats? but, Can she write that well? The answer is: Sometimes. The further question, though, is, Can one read a whole book of such stuff? Her epigrammatic style—all moral bite and surging poignancy—is wearing, and often wears thin. The very buoyancy of her strict verse forms keeps her from more elusive depths. But at its best, her "light" verse has been turned up to a hard, penetrating glare.

Macpherson's more recent verse does not strike me as forcefully as her early work. Most of it is taken up with a long sequence about (I hate to put this so baldly) a teddy bear, spliced with episodes from old horror movies and done in sapphics! Her real subject is surrogates: "Is love haunted?/To receive/What another/Needs to give/Always, somewhat,/Looked at square,/Filling in for/Those not there?" But her cloying stuffed-animal trope is too insubstantial to carry the weighty theme. It is the early work that remains arresting—not least because her meticulous technique serves a stark experience, what she calls "That rift in Being, Me." A gallery of mythological and literary women is portrayed here—mermaids and sibyls, Eve and Mary, Psyche and Helen—each a mask through which Macpherson's own voice sounds her plaintive themes. Real experience is urged toward its type, while familiar myths are dealt with as case studies. At the same time she favors poetic schemes that, like dreams, are strict but primal and abiding: the ballad, nursery rhyme, hymn and riddle. You sense that she wants to get back to the start of things and that her poetry is, in Robert Frost's phrase, an extravagance about grief. But her view is as narrow as the gate out of Eden.

One of Macpherson's poems is called "She":

> She who is fickle sea
> And indifferent sky
> Is that clear star men flee
> These dangers by.
>
> Thus I know this of you:
> You will be labyrinth, and clue.

In his new book, James Dickey has taken his young wife, Deborah, as his labyrinth and clue. A note (presumably written by the poet himself) explains that Dickey "embarked on his own male voyage into the realm of womanhood" and that *Puella* offers eighteen glimpses into, or versions of, her "crucial and exalting passage" from girl to woman. Deborah burns a doll; discovers her beauty in a mirror; menstruates; rides horseback; is a bridesmaid; practices the piano; imagines herself as the Environment speaking to James Wright at sundown; and bears Dickey's child with the phrase "*go for it.*" Because the book is a sustained and unified sequence—a rhapsody, really—it is better than Dickey's previous two collections. Still, it makes me wince, as if watching a silk scarf pulled backward through a mangle.

It has been fifteen years now since Dickey wrote a good poem, a poem with the flexed narrative skill and outsized gestures of his first work. Even then he walked—so he once boasted—"the razor's edge between sublimity and absurdity." Since then, the sublime has been shoved aside by a vulgarity of tone and a banality of attention to make room for an absurdity that has embarrassed his first champions. *Puella*, too, for all its new efforts to elide and control, is a bloated affair. "Heraldic: Deborah and Horse in Morning Forest" opens:

> It could be that nothing you
> could do
> Could keep you from stepping out
> and blooding-in
> An all-out blinding heraldry for
> this:
> A blurred momentum-flag
> That must be seen sleep-weathered
> and six-leggéd,
> Brindling and throwing off
> limbo-light
>
> Of barns
>
> And the Lord shall say that the stasis
> of the wood
> Shall be struck full in the vitals
> where it stands
> And move on, everywhere,
> As fast as any can ride.

Perhaps my eyes aren't used to limbo-light, but that bit is a blur, not a picture.

Instead of the left-hand margin's point of departure and return, Dickey chooses a kind of firehouse pole down the middle of a poem around which the

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phrases spiral down into action. Rather than "center" a poem, the device loosens it; the episodes float in a solution of adjectives and images. Perhaps it should be read as a field of force. Certainly—whether or not apt to a young girl's sensibility—energy is all. Art historians use the term *Knollenstils* to describe a style of exaggerated, grotesque musculature, and that has become Dickey's trademark. Worse, it is accompanied here by the jargon of hype: "high-concentrate," "super-nerved," "time-releasing" and "no-win" (as in "the sea's holy no-win roar"). It is never pleasant to chart the further decline of a poet one used to admire.

Hayden Carruth has also written a book-length poem that takes its inspiration from his wife, Rose Marie Dorn. (Her name, of course, suggests *Dornröschen*—or Briar Rose, the Sleeping Beauty.) Here any resemblance to Dickey's work stops. Carruth has fashioned a rich, complex poem on a human scale. It is a tribute to love and to this poet's gifts. There are several "tone-rows" blended. One is a series of dreams that visit the sleeping princess: of Homer, Hesiod, Heraclitus, Hudson, Hegel, Hestia, Heathcliff, Hitler—each a vivid sketch, each a "romance willed/And unrelenting," each an avatar of the hero (Hayden) on his way to rescue her into reality. Then there are the poet's own memories and meditations, which range from jazz to the Dresden bombing to "land development" in Vermont. Above all, he broods on the nature of love and keeps returning to a woman's face, a carving placed in a brook: "A woman's face looks up from the water, always." Then, as a counterforce, there are the poet's conversations with Amos, the ghost of a crusty old Vermonter (the sort who says *eyuh* for "yes" and *wan't* for "were not"). It is love, too, they conclude, that has led to the suburbanization of the Green Mountains:

> *And them, those billionaires—*
> *Couldn't tell a trace*
> *From a bellyband, but they can see*
> *what's here*
> *All laid out for them, see it some*
> *ways clearer*
> *Than us, damn their hides, so they*
> *"falls*
> *In love with it"—you know their*
> *flashy*
> *Way of talking.*

To hear Amos talk, the poet, the lover and the capitalist are of imagination all compact.

Can troubador and cracker-barrel philosopher and "the prince who is human, driven, and filled with love" keep company in one poem? In this one they can. Carruth works carefully to contrapose for variety's sake, and then to blend for dramatic effect. By the poem's end we can see "the eternal other/Toward whom the poem yearns, maiden/Of the water-lights, brother/Of the snow-fields." The poem is also given force by its structure. It is a sequence of 124 rhymed sonnets (I call them that despite their having fifteen lines: their shape and tone are sonnet-like), a medium able—indeed, anxious—to uphold traditional themes and unconventional tactics. Perhaps it accounts, too, for a certain stiffness in the poet's voice:

> The poem moves.
> After the fierce intention,
> The exalting, reaching and thrusting
> through lust,
> Through densities of image, to ex-
> plode transcendence
> From a broken language, to touch
> Everyone's wordlessness, to crush
> what was meant
> Till it dances clear of language like
> forestfire bent
> And flaring in the wind. . . .

Of course, a poem can't dance clear of language, and this passage touches on a problem here: having told us what we should feel, it uncovers what we miss. Carruth has a "fierce intention" but hasn't brought it all the way, or all the time, to "transcendence." His resources are not quite up to his ambitions. His language is fluent, but never surprising. His ideas are always just, but rarely striking. But "it is no easy thing,/With brave romance and conquest broken,/Still to love and sing," and Carruth does both.

Theodore Weiss's book-length poem *Recoveries* also loves and sings, but with a more difficult love and a more eloquent song. A preface sets up the poem's pretext: one summer day, the poet is in a church, studying a fresco he's learned from textbooks but which now he *sees* for the first time. (The city, we gather, is Florence, the imagined fresco a religious one, let us say by Giotto.) His eye moves from sinopia to gold leaf, from subject to technique, from art to self, until he catches the eye of a

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312 pages, 6 x 9", paper, $7.95, 1982. Introduction by Gabriel Miller, Rutgers University.

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figure in the throng at the painting's center. The figure speaks.

This kind of poem—the dream-vision—is one of the oldest in English, and Weiss "recovers" it to brilliant effect. The speaker is Weiss's Ariel, conjured to do the poet's bidding, but with his own high spirits. We come to live with him in his fresco's world, and grow fond of its tiger and redbreast, shepherd and burning bush, and parcel of donor monks; of the painter (his "Maker") he remembers, and the image of Christ ("the One") at the literal center of his world. Like his speaker, Weiss begins with what he sees, and this is a poem about sight and scene. But more than that, it is a poem about the visionary.

In the first of its three parts, the speaker recounts his own coming to life, the brushwork of being: how the Maker broods and sketches, plasters and tincts. These are among the most splendid pages of the entire poem, their rhythms accelerating with the mastery described:

> Meantime, he rears
> high noon throughout the fresco,
> massive
> building, yet a buoyant, spirit
> of, to house the rest.
> Banked round,
> the noon is lit—as though that One's
> regard still set—on leaves and rocks,
> a lava-like gold they spurt, on
> glances
> spinning out, on O-shaped mouths.
>
> Their words reverberate, a riddling
> undertone, the way this moment's
> sunbeams swim, within the
> paints. . . .
>
> Even now,
> whatever doubts oppress my sight,
> what dust the light is speckled by,
> that primal breath abruptly started
> up again, the fresco twitching
> like a beast, I feel him, warm
> and knowing on us, luminous
> his steadfast gaze, his hand still
> touching
> through the paints, however settled,
> vibrant in its span the world.

It is, of course, the creation myth itself that Weiss is retelling here, and in the second part of the poem he—or rather, his speaker—goes on with the story of the fall into time. For the fresco, that means natural disasters, from flaking paint to the great flood of the Arno in 1966. And for the speaker, it means having to watch history happen beneath him: the pomp of ceremonies and inquisitions, revolutions and wars, scholars and tourists, a Jew running in to escape the blackshirts:

> Star
> dangled from his arm, dragging
> like a wing, wrenched out of socket,
> he collapses at our feet.

Fixed in time but powerless above it—like the poet perhaps, or even God—the speaker watches what he cannot change, nor help be changed by.

The final, and grandest, section of the poem takes up this and other matters:

> Our substance gone,
> our absence, foreignness, complete,
> our beams, far-flung, at best shine
> back
> on their dispersal, blackest hole.

The emphasis here is on what has been lost and how much of it can be recovered. In fact, by this point in the poem, we have come to see the fresco as a portrait of the mind itself, heaped with ghosts, continually finding "new bits of us, odd hues/not we, not nature, could have known"—a portrait in which we too are depicted.

> Unaware he'd drawn you here,

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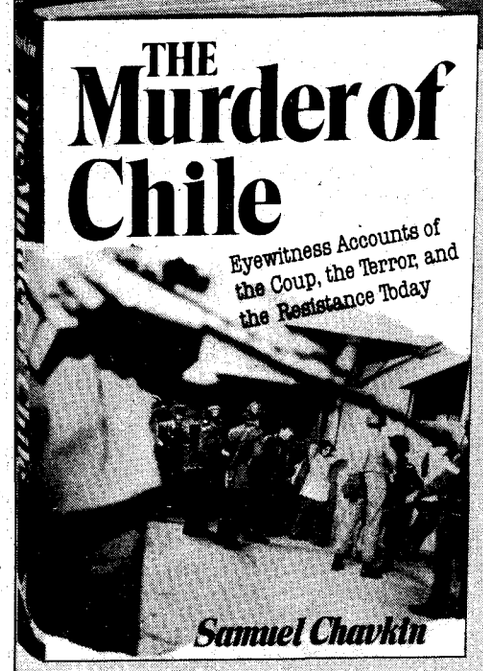

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my master, in a sense, paints you
in too, essential to the scene,
the painting, so its word suggests,
still going on.

As many poems on paintings—from Robert Browning's to Richard Howard's—have told us, art invests us with the power to give significance back to art.

The vision fades, the voice fails, the poet returns to himself and leaves the church: "Now into night,/the precious mine of you amassing." The poem is an astonishing conception and a very moving experience.

I want to say a word about Weiss's style—not least because it stands out against those of the three other poets under review here. Weiss writes in a very idiosyncratic manner, at once darting and leisurely. He is indebted to the example of those poets he has most closely studied: Shakespeare (the flickering wit that fires a conceit, the magnanimity), Hopkins (the stresswork of alliteration) and Stevens (the nimble philosophies). One feels the poet pulled along by his vision, and his verse continually rising to its demands. Weiss neither spurns sublimity nor refuses the homely particular. There is a rare splendor to his work. □

A Brace of Brits

D.D. GUTTENPLAN

BROTHER OF THE MORE FAMOUS JACK. *By Barbara Trapido. The Viking Press. 218 pp. $12.95.*

GREEN ISLAND. *By Michael Schmidt. Vanguard Press. 125 pp. $10.95.*

The English novel is alive and well and living . . . where? Certainly not in London. In Barbara Trapido's *Brother of the More Famous Jack,* Katherine Browne, a character whose name could be straight from Fielding but whose brittle, self-deprecating sensibility is B-side Kingsley Amis, falls in love with the family of Jacob Goldman, a hirsute Marxist philosophy professor. Now comfortably ensconced in Sussex with Jane, his Anglo-Irish, patrician wife, and an ever-increasing brood of children, Jacob is a Semitic saint right down to his (in the later chapters) white beard. Watching Jacob's persistent public badgering of Jane only whets Katherine's appetite for a Jew of her own. Picking Roger, the elder and "more famous" brother, is her first mistake, as he is much too self-absorbed to appreciate the budding masochist at his feet and steps over Katherine on his way to a just comeuppance—life membership in the Oxford men's choir and a career as an academic mathematician.

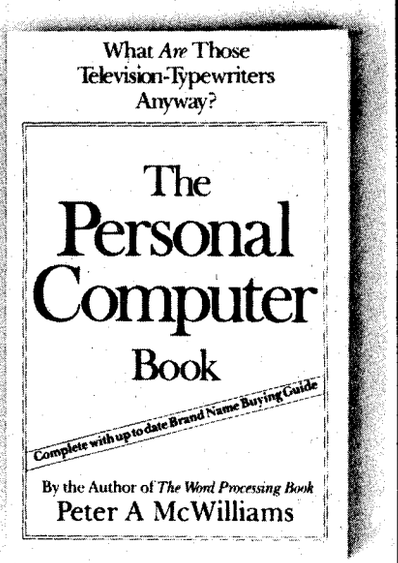
Although Katherine's ending up with Jonathan Goldman, the younger brother, is never in serious doubt, she must first undergo, presumably for spiritual purification, a liaison with an Italian fascist (I'm not being hysterical—she says he's a blackshirt) who knocks her down, knocks her up and then leaves her to fend for herself in Rome. When her baby succumbs to crib death, Katherine takes her badly-stitched-together self back to England, there to find balm, if not bliss, in the arms of the waiting Jonathan, flush with the proceeds of his first novel. As the curtain discreetly lowers, we leave our happy couple in a small cottage somewhere in the Republic of Ireland, he typing away on book number two, while she . . . knits.

Brother of the More Famous Jack is not a badly written book, nor is it unfunny. But Hampstead Heath is filled with people who write nearly as well as Beryl Bainbridge and with almost as much wit as Kingsley Amis. And while it is difficult to feel a great deal of affection for the hapless Katherine, who can be as flip about other people—"he smoked disgusting proletarian cigarettes"—as she is pious about herself—"How could I put across . . . how it was with me? How much I was driven timorously by a desire to please and yet found myself unable to do so by obedience to any values but my own?"—her unlovableness is not, after all, her fault.

Characters in novels do not have lives of their own. When Katherine says, "My understanding of foreign foods at that time was limited to the conviction that paprika in the stew made it Hungarian and tinned fruit made it Caribbean," we don't think "clever girl," we think "good line." But what

D.D. Guttenplan is an assistant editor at Vanity Fair.

Wondering What All the Fuss is About?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are we to think of an author who makes her heroine go on like this:

> I have a great love affair with clothes. They are consumingly important to me and I often pull off a successfully *Vogue*y look. I like crafty clothes especially. I like shepherd smocks and intricate knitting. I can knit prodigious landscapes into my jerseys. I can do corded piping in seams and beaded embroidery. I like to make quilted cuffs and bodices.

Trapido is setting her heroine up here. If Katherine were a real person, she'd sue for defamation.

Michael Schmidt's *Green Island* is a new turn on a very old tradition—the English pastoral. As the myth of Eden in England became less and less credible, the pastoral fell upon hard times, practically disappearing from contemporary view. Schmidt solves this problem by uprooting the whole thing, lock, stock and wise old lady, and setting his tale of love and landscape gardening on an isolated estate in Mexico.

The narrator, never-named only son of an expatriate British businessman, is sent off to his family's country house to convalesce from an also unnamed but debilitating illness. Seven years later he is sent off to boarding school. In between, the novel. Green Island is the name the Mexicans give to the big house and grounds, set amid parched yellow fields; it is also the way the narrator identifies his childhood.

The population of the Green Island is as sparse in its way, and as vividly rendered, as the companions of that other castaway Englishman, Robinson Crusoe. The boy's parents visit on weekends. His only regular companions are Doña Constanza, the cook, who has "a knack with the saints: her prayers were always modest and always answered"; Reverend Purse, who ministers to the spiritual needs of British and American businessmen, employees of "the great international organizations he once likened to 'lay churches' "; and Chayo, the gardener's son.

After his father decamps, Chayo stays on at the estate, becoming gardener and companion to the English boy. As the two boys enact the story of Crusoe and Friday—Chayo is taught to read and write; he teaches the English boy the secrets of the native plants and animals—a deep bond forms between them that eventually becomes the fulcrum of a passionate struggle. At first lordly and superior, the English boy grows increasingly dependent upon his pupil who, looking beyond their shared bed, shared clothes and shared solitude, begins to speak of making his own way in the world.

In Chayo's desire for independence and the English boy's desperate attempts to maintain possession and control, *Green Island* takes on the garments of political allegory. Chayo's recognition of the differences between himself and his friend grows, while the narrator retreats further into romantic illusions. The final break, when it comes, is dramatic but plausible.

Schmidt writes with a deliberateness and lyricism not surprising from a writer primarily of poetry. Here is a fuller description of Doña Constanza:

> She seldom spoke of men—except the saints—and I imagined the smoke rising from small chimneys and the dry fields of a place where only women lived, industrious and virtuous as she now was; with a church whose every detail she evoked for me, so that I could almost feel the chill yellow stone on which she had spent half her youth kneeling in prayer.

His depiction of Chayo's father is at once sketch and situation:

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> He wore a torn khaki shirt that showed half his full brown chest, and his dusty forearms were thick and strong. Hunched though he was, it was not with physical deformity nor with the weight of the vegetables he was carrying, but with a kind of resignation that prevented him from walking upright. I had never seen anyone so powerful-looking or so ugly, moving with languid servility across the tidy lawns like a domesticated ogre round a prince's palace grounds.

Born in Mexico of American parents, now resident in London, Schmidt makes good use of both his linguistic self-consciousness and his closeness to the narrative. Trapido, born and educated in South Africa, now also resident in London, writes a fluid, witty prose that is easy on the ear but does not retain either narrative heat or the reader's attention. Still, different in style and substance as the two novels may be, they have more in common than their country of origin: both books are so heavily dependent on earlier novels as to be barely comprehensible on their own terms. Schmidt, partially by acknowledging this dependence but mostly by simply choosing better antecedents, has come up with a novel that readers who like novels will like. Trapido, aiming low and hitting her target, produces a book that readers who like British television will like. □

Celebrating Scientists

ANNA FELS

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERAMENTS: Three Lives in Contemporary Science. *By Philip J. Hilts. Simon and Schuster. 288 pp. $14.50.*

Scientific discoveries have never had the glamour of artistic achievements. Madame Curie may have participated in one of the most momentous discoveries of modern times and won a Nobel Prize to boot, but it is Virginia Woolf's dazed profile one finds on everything from coffeetable albums to T-shirts. One waits in line for hours to see Leonardo's sketches of "flying machines" while Orville Wright's strange, delicate creation hangs in a dusty corner of the Smithsonian. Of the great scientific geniuses of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, only Einstein has found a place in the public imagination—and that, perhaps, because he fits comfortably into our idea of "the artist." With his rumpled clothes and wild hair, his personality poster fits right in between, say, those of James Joyce and D.H. Lawrence. Now *that's* a genius.

Why do we have such trouble celebrating the lives of our scientists? It isn't that their great discoveries are inaccessible; *Finnegans Wake* and Pound's *Cantos* are just as difficult in their own ways. Nor is it for lack of colorful personalities. Many scientists from Lavoisier to Virchow have been complicated, powerful characters, while writers with relatively uneventful lives inspire volumes of biography, Henry James being a case in point. The difficulty, I suspect, is that the relationship between the created and the creator is more problematic in science than in the arts, the beliefs or fantasies that give rise to the discoveries more obscure. Einstein wrote of scientific geniuses that "the emotional state which enables such achievement . . . does not originate from a design or program, but from direct need." This "direct need," however, has proved elusive to biographers. Over time, the abstract and objective quality of scientific discoveries bleaches them of their original historical and personal meanings, leaving us with a wealth of scientific knowledge which seems to have appeared by spontaneous generation.

In *Scientific Temperaments*, Philip Hilts sets out to demonstrate this "play between science and personality" in the lives of three distinguished contemporary scientists, all in "hot" areas of science, where exponential advances have been made over the last decade. Robert Wilson is the physicist responsible for the construction of the government's gigantic particle accelerator in the Midwest; Mark Ptashne is a biologist at Harvard who did elegant work with recombinant DNA; and John McCarthy is one of the founders of the computer field of artificial intelligence. Hilts's profiles are engaging and well drawn, but he is not altogether successful in his stated purpose. What emerges most vividly from these profiles is the strange and marvelous world of modern science; the individual scientists seem at times like rather pale inhabitants of the landscape.

One difficulty is that Hilts has chosen men who, although eminent in their

Anna Fels is a physician at New York Hospital and a researcher at Rockefeller University.

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fields, are not really major scientific figures. These are not the Joseph Conrads or even the Ford Madox Fords of contemporary science but the Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinsons and Roger Frys. Still, if Hilts had been able to delineate interesting connections between these men and their discoveries, the scientists' stature would not have mattered. Unfortunately, these connections are too often tenuous and unconvincing. Of Wilson, who grew up in the West, he states: "The mental qualities of cowboys and experimental physics are different in many things, but similar in at least a few particulars. Wilson learned from cowboys that he could do almost anything with his hands." McCarthy, the computer scientist, is described this way:

> Young John also watched as his father created and put together various gadgets. John's father eventually got patents on two of his devices—an orange juice maker that used water pressure to squeeze the orange and a small machine for calking ships. John began reading about science early, titles such as *The Boys' Book of Electricity* and later the philosophical *New Background of Science*. "It was obvious to me," McCarthy said, "that from the age of eight or ten, I was going to be a scientist."

Nothing in these bland passages helps to explain what Hilts, in his introduction, describes as "the passion, even obsession" these scientists have for their work. Labored analogies with cowboys gloss over deeper resonances. McCarthy is repeatedly described by colleagues as painfully inexpressive and socially clumsy, Hilts relates in a bemused way, chalking it up to McCarthy being another geniusy scientist with his head in the clouds. But it can't be accidental that this tongue-tied man has spent a lifetime devising languages or that his most famous computer language has the curious name "Lisp." Nor is it insignificant that Lisp is based on the use of parentheses; it is a language, as Hilts notes, in which "expressions hide within expressions, hiding within expressions."

But if the personalities and motivations of Hilts's subjects are never made clear, their careers in science are. The book spans more than forty years, from the night in 1945 when the physicists out in the desert watched the detonation of Fat Boy, the first atom bomb, to the current controversy over recombinant DNA. Hilts is a wonderful storyteller and conveys the importance of these events, at the same time giving a vivid and often hilarious vision of this odd world—a world where our usual anthropocentric notions have long since been discarded. An artificial-intelligence expert calls the human brain "just a computer made out of meat," and biologists think of bacteria as more highly evolved than humans. In one memorable vignette, a theologian asks the great British biologist J.B.S. Haldane "what he could conclude about the nature of the Creator from a study of his Creation." "An inordinate fondness for beetles," Haldane replies.

Hilts imbues elusive, counterintuitive fields such as subatomic-particle physics with palpable reality, and deftly guides the reader through its Alice-in-Wonderland geography. "The neutrino is . . . a dimensionless point, but in addition it has no mass. It has no charge. It forgoes all the traits of other particles, excepting only spin. . . . They are pumped into the universe constantly from the fusion in stars: the sun rains them down upon us during the day, and up through our feet an invisible 'neutrino shine' comes at night."

Hilts's ability to range back and forth between such abstractions and the day-to-day issues of his subjects' scientific lives gives his book an impressive richness and complexity. Where he fails is in his effort to bring these men into more intimate focus. Hilts subscribes to the personality-poster image of the eccentric genius, and his search for colorful detail ends by distorting his book. Robert Wilson just doesn't make it as a cowboy, and who cares if Mark Ptashne plays the violin? After all, it's their science we're interested in. □

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As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
they kill us for their sport.

Black comedy—more accurately, perhaps, the celebration of nihilism—is coming at us from all sides: from Germany, Reinhard Hauff's *Slow Attack* (*Endstation Freiheit*); from France, Bertrand Tavernier's *Coup de Torchon* (*Clean Slate*); from California, William Richert's *Winter Kills*. One way or another, all three engage their desperate puppets in antics designed to make the gods laugh.

These movies are alike in the obliqueness of their attack. Their narratives develop by hints and inferences, with disorienting shifts of scene. None of them can be said to reach conclusions; they merely break off. They are nightmares engendered by revulsion against the way we live now, lesser offspring from the visions of Kafka, Genet or Beckett. They offer little comfort, for they lack the solace of catharsis, but one cannot deny the validity of their grins.

I know Hauff's previous work only from the haunting *Knife in the Head*, an internalized melodrama of identity and retribution. *Slow Attack* (a literal translation of the German title, "Terminus: Freedom," is more suggestive), is the latest of three films he has made in collaboration with Burkhard Driest, a former bank robber whose screenplays are semiautobiographical. In this case Driest also plays the lead, a recently released convict named Nik Dellmann, whose beaten face and impassive violence are intimidating and who hides his own timidity behind dark glasses.

Dellmann is writing his autobiography in a panicky attempt to resolve the conflict between paralyzing isolation and a determination to maintain the anarchy

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that is his understanding of freedom. The literary elite of Munich get wind of his manuscript and embrace him as a noble savage, tamed to their mores by his rude talent. He despises his benefactors for their relish of his scabrous history and fears the emasculation of their endorsement. His editor insists that the book have an implacable ending, and Dellmann invents a crime whose execution meets that specification, bringing his life up to date and, I would guess, assuring its early termination.

Hauff has constructed the film as a series of short, discrete scenes that are often ambiguous but that drop like chips into a mosaic of Dellmann's character. You come to see him as a ferocious enigma, surrounded by bewildered Lilliputians who are trying to gain his confidence by throwing a net over him. There is a little boy (he may be Dellmann's son) who accepts him as a monster, but the rest are salesmen for the bourgeoisie who do not grasp how shoddy their wares appear to a total outsider. It is a disconcerting movie because it offers no ground for your allegiance, but it conveys despair with an efficient energy that gets under your skin.

If you can imagine Walter Mitty with his hands dripping blood, you will be prepared for what Bertrand Tavernier has in store for you. He took *Coup de Torchon* from a novel by Jim Thompson, whose pleasure it is to expose his readers to extreme situations.

The hero (Philippe Noiret) is the resident policeman of a remote Senegalese village. He is a lazy, gluttonous, cowardly man who is boorishly cuckolded by his wife's alleged brother, tormented by a pair of pimps whose surprisingly ornate whorehouse is the only enterprise in the somnolent village, laughed at by the natives and companionable only with a battered woman (Isabelle Huppert), whom he is far too craven to protect from her psychotic husband.

One day he journeys to the city to seek the advice and assistance of the gendarmerie, two of whose officers, in a mood of high-spirited sadism, demonstrate how he should resist the affronts to his person and his office. Returning home, he puts their instructions to use, employing guile, poetic justice and a rifle. It is always jolly to watch a worm turn, but when he takes to signing himself Jesus Christ the chuckles may stick in your throat. Noiret, a big, graceful,

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but slow-moving man, has a gift for expressing intense feeling by means so slight as to be almost subliminal. His performance here challenges the optimistic legend of the hero who rises from the ashes of his inadequacies to clean the slate and make justice prevail. Revenge is sweet, but a weak man may find it addictive.

Winter Kills was first released about three years ago, got some favorable reviews and disappeared. William Richert, its director and screenwriter, gained possession of the film, changed a few of its details and formed a company, The Invisible Studio, to distribute it anew. It is based on a novel by Richard Condon, who has scant respect for high office or hallowed institutions. The movie, which is not entirely unrelated to the assassination of John Kennedy, does to conspiracy theories what *Dr. Strangelove* did to nuclear warriors.

The sardonic joke is as much in the manner as in the content. Richert has made a B movie on a grand scale, one as studded with stars as the Milky Way. The violence is at the pitch of Kung Fu, the dialogue would embarrass a comic strip, and the viewer will discover what prodigies of overacting Jeff Bridges, John Huston, Anthony Perkins, Sterling Hayden, Eli Wallach, Dorothy Malone, Toshiro Mifune, Richard Boone, Ralph Meeker, Elizabeth Taylor and a host of inflamed abettors can rise to when invited by their director to chew the rugs.

The plot is a quagmire I won't approach, lest I sink without leaving a trace. Save for Bridges, who is the younger brother and would-be avenger of the martyred President, everyone is playing at least a double game. In an opening scene, Bridges, seated in a police car with three others, diverts his gaze for an instant to observe a woman bicyclist and turns back to find that his companions have been shot in the head. It is one of the less startling and more probable episodes in the chronicle, which should be shown in a theater equipped with seat belts.

It might be objected that slapstick which adverts, however tangentially, to the murder of Kennedy is merriment in poor taste, but Richert's mood is not entirely frivolous. He is out to make fools of conspiracy mongers and to suggest that absolute power not only corrupts absolutely but sets a trap for its practitioners: the world's most potent tycoon (in this case, Huston) may well be the pawn of his accountant (Perkins). □

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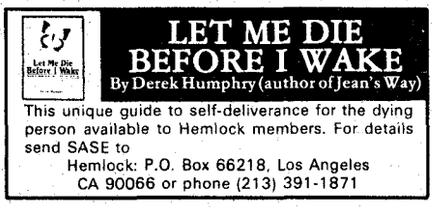
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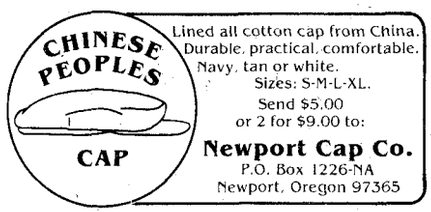

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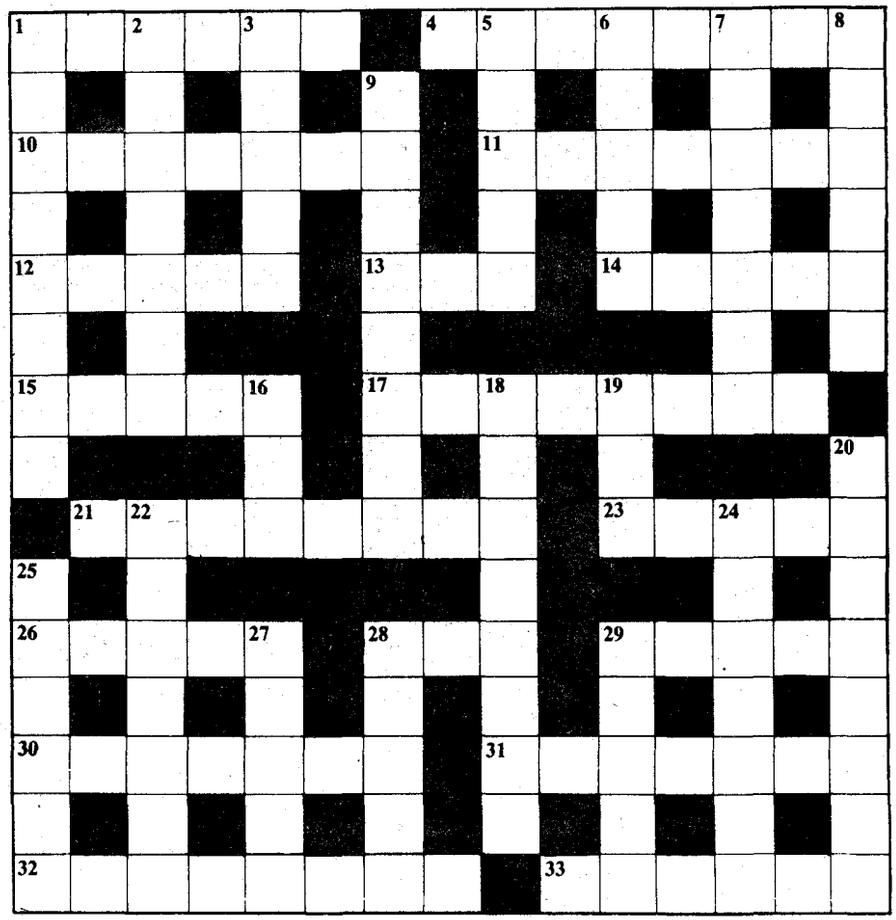

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1 and 4 Some lending institutions may have suffered from it, but many pursuits have been dropped because of this. (4,2,8)
10 and 22 down Those who deal with artisans' materials as well as wardens should recall a lucky pickup. (7,7)
11 The sort of boil which in France isn't directly appreciated. (7)
12 Sounds like things similar to bunnies are not divided in an agreeably generous manner. (5)
13 This land may be associated with something suggesting the opposite of real stones, which is madness! (5)
14 The answer to those who suggest it won't be material? (5)
15 Something like what the glowworm did. (5)
17 Are nails sort of something fliers might be expected to stick to? (8)
21 Leak out around the sort of description of beauty, at times. (4-4)
23 Golden Wedding day destination—500 and more! (5)
26 What we have to have is part of one Edsel! (5)
28 See 16 down
29 Sounds like just the girl for a coming-out party. (5)
30 I'd incorrectly sort of heard of the persistent type. (3-4)
31 Someone like Khan in a rain storm falls like this. (7)
32 It certainly isn't a single answer, as the ouija says in more than one way. (3,3,2)
33 Despite the saying, it wasn't marijuana that determined this to be black. (6)

DOWN

1 and 25 Slightly radical, drunk yet teetotal—that's how the isolated might feel. (4,4,3,3)
2 Alternatively "Optimism." Frank has a point here. (7)
3 Little Hans was almost pushed into one of these things. (5)
5 When one has a broken bone around it, it's no wonder the association is tearful. (5)
6 Brilliancy of achievement has a point, bringing up what one might put on the baby. (5)
7 The not-too-important title is queer, queer! (7)
8 and 20 The present state of such is often indicated as not being equal to its past. (3,3,4,4)
9 The sound of breathing may be like Silver, fictionally. (8)
16, 19 and 28 across Big feller, little feller—that's how the old salt may start his tale. (3,3,3)
18 If you have any gripe, it might be settling up again! (8)
20 See 8 down
22 See 10 across
24 One might consider it naval, being descriptive of certain heroes. (7)
25 See 1 down
27 Made of satin, it might be hard to take off. (5)
28 Should it be twinned with Bath? (5)
29 You might expect to find one in a black suit—and you might be told to call it one. (5)

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T	H	E	T	I	M	E	■	A	Q	U	A	T	I	C
O	■	N	■	N	■	A	■	D	■	S	■	H	■	N
C	H	A	S	T	I	S	E	S	■	E	V	O	K	E
K	■	■	T	■	T	■	H	■	D	■	R	■	■	■
A	P	A	C	H	E	■	C	O	H	E	S	I	O	N
D	■	N	■	E	■	C	■	W	■	T	■	Z	■	U
E	N	T	I	T	L	E	D	■	R	E	D	E	E	M
■	■	A	■	O	■	T	■	I	■	C	■	■	■	E
A	L	L	O	W	■	A	N	N	O	T	A	T	O	R
M	■	K	■	N	■	C	■	C	■	I	■	O	■	O
P	R	A	I	R	I	E	■	H	A	V	E	Y	O	U
S	■	L	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	S
■	B	I	R	D	S	N	E	S	T	S	O	U	P	■

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